Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum

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Bellefonte Republican.

EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor.

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

GET assessed before the 6th of September.

GALUSHA A. GROW declines to run for Congress in the 15th district.

IT is believed that the widow Butler of Massachusetts cannot capture the Democracy of that State.

THE only way to whip the solid South is to "lambase" the Democrats this fall.

GEN. GRANT'S reception by the Czar and leading statesmen at St. Petersburg was a brilliant affair.

THE South demanded, in a single session of Congress, the modest sum of $300,000,000 for internal improvements.

MR. BLAINE will talk for Iowa Republicans this fall. Honest money and old-fashioned Republicanism constitute their armor.

THE bonds of State Treasurer Bickel, under whose administration in 1852–3 the State lost $100,000 by fraud, has disappeared from the Treasury.

THE Democrats of Tennessee have put up a one-legged Confederate Colonel for Governor. His past record was so "consequential," but they do say he is still a rebel.

DEMOCRATIC candidates impose upon Sunday School scholars throughout the county by attending their picnics. Anything to beat "them other fellows."

A *Sun* correspondent wants the army abolished entirely. 'Twouldn't be such a bad plan if we wanted to have another little scrimmage south of Mason and Dixon's line.

HIS EXTRAVAGANT MAJESTY, the Shah of Persia, is conscientiously opposed to horse races. What a virtuous man he must be. His hotel bill at Paris was only $3,000.

EMPERROR WILLIAM is taking mud baths at Teplitz, which are considered a very efficacious remedy for rheumatism. The Democracy always gives its enemies a mud bath during a campaign.

JUDGE BENTLY, of Williamsport, has been appointed Judge of Lackawanna county by Governor Hartranft. This choice will prove satisfactory to the people of Lackawanna and the State.

THE Democracy of Tennessee denounce the public debt as a "public curse." So was their seccession a public curse, and now they want to repudiate honest debts incured in crushing it.

IT took three days' time for the Potter Committee to hear the "testimony" of a lunatic. His name is Leet, who now is under treatment for insanity. Three days in company with Potter is enough to craze any body.

JUDGE THURMAN shouted while opening the campaign in Ohio, "Do you wish the Union preserved?" If so, support Democracy." He should have been logical and stated it thusly: "If you want to preserve the Union vote for those who tried to destroy it." That would have been Democratic logic.

THE Augusta (Ga.) *Constitution* informs its comrades in crime that, "if they expect to elect a President two years hence, they had better pay attention to all forms of Independentism in the South." In other words, they had better apply the shot gun policy to Independents as well as Republicans.

An Influential Bellefonter on Greenbacks.

Among the most brilliant triumphs of the indefatigable newspaper interviewers, we reckon one the results of which are published in the Harrisburg *Patriot* of last Friday. Who the wonderful interviewer is, he does not inform us, although the world will be very anxious from henceforth to obtain his name to inscribe upon its list of most favored benefactors; the interviewed is no smaller an individual than our townsman D. G. Bush, Esq., who is spoken of as "one of the most influential citizens of interior Pennsylvania." The "views" of Mr. Bush, thus obtained, fill about a column and a half of the *Patriot*.

We always recognized in Mr. Bush a fair talker, and one who can say what he has to say as well as most men of his class, but we did not know that he could utter so much condensed off-hand wisdom in the space and time supposed to be occupied by this interview and its record. Yet we have the correspondent's word for it, and *of course* no one will doubt it, that "having stated the object of our visit," &c., these remarks were made in reply to his interrogatories. Our distinguished citizen starts off in this style: "Well, it is an old axiom that labor is the source of all wealth. When the people of a country are generally employed, prosperity naturally follows. To secure this result the necessary means must be furnished by a course of wise and prudent legislation on the part of the government in the furnishing of the circulating medium." All of which is very well, so far; but then comes the declaration, "Money is simply a tool of exchange, and every government should have sufficient tools to keep its people employed." That sentence ought to be made the motto of the Greenback party. Certainly money is the kind of tool most of the members of that organization would like best to labor with, and to tell them that the government ought to supply them with plenty of that kind of utensils is precisely what they like to hear, and what they already firmly believe.

The influential citizen goes on to draw a comparison between the United States and France, and other countries in respect to the circulating medium, and he gives figures whose array will astonish any political economist, especially when he reflects that all this knowledge is supposed to be delivered off-hand, in the course of an "interview" with a newspaper correspondent. A noticeable fact is that he favors a government subsidy to Tom. Scott's Southern Pacific railroad, as a means of increasing the volume of the currency. Generally, Mr. Bush's views on finance are well and clearly stated, showing that he has thought much on the subject. We have no disposition, at present at least, to criticise his positions in this respect, and can only express our astonishment that they should have been kept from the general public so long to be at length drawn out by a visiting interviewer.

The cream of the whole article we find towards the latter part of it, where he says: "I regard the Democratic party as a Greenback party, and have since 1867, and I have so understood and advocated Democracy. * * * While I believe the Greenback organization has been productive of good by drawing popular attention to the subject, still I hold that inside of the Democratic organization is the proper place to seek for relief."

That is certainly easily understood, and it is evidently the whole point of the article—an attempt to convince Greenbackers that they cannot do better than to vote the Democratic ticket, especially if Mr. Bush's name should be on that ticket for an important office. In fact, Democrats are to understand that if they want to capture as much as possible of the Greenback-Labor vote they should make Mr. B. one of their prominent standard bearers.

As to the proof that the Democratic is a Greenback party we do not find it, notwithstanding the assertion that it is so. If it were worth while we could show pretty conclusively, we think, that exactly the opposite is the fact. We don't care to discuss the financial propositions contained in the article, though we think some of them fallacious. But as the only point of the article is the attempt to rope in the Greenbackers to the support of the Democratic party (and Mr. Bush) we think it not worth while to devote any more space to it, especially as the statements were only made during an off-hand "interview." With all respect for our worthy townsman, we think this a rather shallow and weak attempt to make political capital for himself and his party. It is about the first gun in the campaign from this section—following the recent National county convention. If such things are done in the green tree (or Bush) what shall be done in the dry?

The Party in Clinton.

Clinton County Republicans have placed a splendid ticket in the field, and one that is bound to win, if the campaign be made vigorous, of which we have no doubt. Mr. Barker, the nominee for Sheriff is a good man, and will control many votes from both parties of the opposition. Several prominent Greenbackers have left their party to support him. R. M. Messimer, of Renovo, for Treasurer, is a prominent citizen of irreproachable character and business qualifications. He will sweep Renovo, in all probability, being a laboring man and is popular with the masses. The nominations for the minor offices—Commissioner and Auditors—are equally distributed, and will command much strength. George Furst, of Beech Creek, A. McCloskey of Chapham are on the ticket for Commissioners, while G. L. Morlock of Lock Haven and W. A. White of Clintondale, are up for Auditors.

The County convention was the largest ever held in the county, and every proceeding passed off harmoniously. Many of the best men in the party took part, and this fact is a healthy sign. It elected O. S. Houtz, Esq., as Chairman of the County Committee. We expect to see a lively campaign result from that action, as Mr. Houtz is a Republican of the simon-pure kind, and has the ability to make matters red hot. With incurable dissatisfaction in the Democratic and Greenback ranks, a sweeping victory will be the result. Nothing but stupid management and local dissentions can prevent it.

THE Prince of Wales has been elected an honorary member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. This may do well enough, but we doubt very much whether he would fight for the stars and stripes should Uncle Sam go to war with the Prince's mamma. He accepts the honor in the following letter to John Welsh, minister to the court of Her Majesty: "I have laid before the Prince of Wales the letter and inclosure which I have had the honor of receiving from your Excellency. I am commanded by His Royal Highness to request you to have the goodness to convey to the commander and members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts the expression of his sincere thanks for the compliment which they have paid him by electing him a special honorary member of the company, and to assure them that it affords His Royal Highness great pleasure to join so ancient and distinguished a corps. I beg, to remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully, FRANCIS KNOLLYS."

THE Potter fraud investigation drags its slow length along towards a close. It has benefitted nobody except members of the committee, who have feasted all summer on the people's money.

The Cry of Fraud.

For a number of years the Democratic party have conducted their campaigns on the charge of fraud in the Republican management of State affairs. Year after year have they began the assault in that manner, and kept it up with untiring vigor until the campaign closed. So confident were they that startling disclosures could be made that they compelled State Treasurer Noyes to pledge himself to an investigation should he be elected. When good old "Square Timber" didn't divulge immediately after being sworn in, a few of the most prominent fraud howlers met and passed resolutions calling upon him to hurry along with that investigation. Good natured Amos, however, was busily engaged all the time in preparing what his friends supposed would be the most humiliating, fraud-proving document of modern times. Indeed, so high were their expectations that many of them were of the opinion that it would show a worse phase of affairs than was produced from the Credit Mobilier scheme. The statement has been made, and great heavens! what do we find? During all the years of Republican management of the State funds, there was not a cent illegally lost, and everything appeared square to a dime. The consternation caused by this excellent campaign document can better be imagined than described. The phanthom of fraud has fled from before the eyes of the opposition and their hobby has ceased to be. Fraud and extravagance no longer ring forth from Democratic organs. No more do we hear the stump speaker of that stripe peal forth in stentorian tones: "The Republicans have stolen millions from the State Treasury. All we want is an opportunity to demonstrate to you the truthfulness of our assertions!"

What will they resort to this fall? Their guns being spiked on that question, the only remaining issue is that of Currency. Well, after having lived under a State Government that has reduced the debt of Pennsylvania by the payment of millions of dollars; after having seen it proved honest and capable of conducting our affairs; after having seen the funds applied judiciously and with a view to the "greatest good to the greatest number," we candidly ask our people what more they want. The question of Currency is a perplexing one, look at it as you may. The Republican party has always been an advocate of honest money and the payment of debts honestly contracted. Upon that ground has our ticket gone before the people, and upon it do we expect to be victorious in November. As before stated in these columns, this fall's election will be one of great significance. It will decide whether or not we shall pay more than $300,000,000 of rebel claims; it will decide whether a solid South shall have the upper hand in the government which a few years since they strived to destroy. These are facts that boldly confront us, and should be carefully considered. Let the good people of this commonwealth, then, give a deaf ear to the charges of our opponents, and show their appreciation of an honest government by electing the Republican ticket.

THE New York *Tribune* is showing up a large number of telegrams that passed between Manton Marble and Col. Pelton, two of Tilden's most prominent champions. They are written in cipher and evidently relate to the purchasing and bull-dozing of Southern States about the time matters were at a white heat in November and December, '76.

THE American Schooner, K. C. Rankin, of Rockland, Me., was attacked on the coast Soana Island, one of the West Indies, by a band of black pirates, who pillaged the vessel. Its cargo—beef, pork, and other provisions—was taken, only $138 worth remaining.

Yellow Fever.

Since our last issue the ravages of this fatal disease have not been checked in the least, but the epidemic appears to be spreading with terrible effects. Grenada, Miss., continues to be the most ill-fated town, and late reports are to the effect that the scene is most horrible. Graveyards are not used, but the victims are interred in the nearest lot. The poor Ethiopians, who, until this attack, were proof against the disease, are dying at a fearful rate.

Money is needed to provide nurses and medicine. The sick, if removed to fresh air, could be very materially aided, but the atmosphere in which they now live is very impure. Indeed, so putrid is it, that a piece of raw beef, left hanging an hour in the air, becomes unfit for use, turning black. At last reports one hundred and fifty persons were down with the disease. Out of three hundred thus far taken sick not one has fully recovered, while nearly half of this number have been conveyed to their graves.

At Vicksburg the disease is on the increase. About 700 cases were reported up to Saturday last, 77 of these coming to light within twenty-four hours. To add to the horrors of the situation the fever is spreading throughout the country among those who fled from the city at its first appearance there. They are shunned like lepers by the country people, and provisions, medicines, etc., can only be obtained from the city, and fever there means certain death. The scenes of suffering, want and misery in that city beggar description. Whole families are stricken down at one time, and there they lie dead and dying until discovered by some brave samaritan of the Howard Association.

A DUEL between a Baptist minister and his son-in-law, a politician, at ten paces, was recently fought in Western North Carolina. As the painful story is told in a special dispatch from Charlotte to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Major Andrew Scroggins, while in a passion stripped and whipped his wife's sister, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wade Hill. As soon as the father heard of the affair, he went to his son-in-law and demanded an explanation. Maj. Scroggins said he had acted on an impulse of the moment. Dr. Hill replied that he had no right to punish the child. From words they went to blows, and the minister had the best of it. Major Scroggins went home, and after consulting with his friends, sent a challenge to the minister. This was immediately declined. The son-in-law armed himself to the teeth, and threatened to kill the parson at sight; and the latter also bought a revolver. One day they chanced to meet on horseback in the road near the minister's house. "Aha!" cried the major; "I've got you now! Ten minutes to say your prayers!" "Well, sir, I'm ready," responded Dr. Hill. "And so am I," said the major. "May the Lord have mercy on us both." Thereupon he fired twice, neither shot taking effect. The doctor then returned the fire, and killed his antagonist instantly. He then rode home, told the awful news and surrendered himself to the village authorities.

IN a township bordering on Clinton county, resides a candidate for County Treasurer on the Democratic ticket, who, our informant says, will not get the delegates from his own township. At the Spring election he ran for 'Squire, but was defeated in the caucus, which, instead of nominating him, nominated a Republican, who still holds the position. His defeat so hurt him that he remarked that a man who paid few taxes or none at all should not be allowed the privilege of taking part in caucus meetings.

THE Crawford County *Post* (German), edited by Mr. Fritz Fries, puts up the entire Republican State and county ticket.

Newspaper Jottings.

—The Mt. Union *Times* has entered upon its second volume.

—The Muncy *Luminary* was thirty-eight years old the 16th.

—The New York *Evening Telegraph* has temporarily suspended.

—Syracuse, N. Y., will shortly have a new paper, the *Telegram*.

—"Hubbard's Advertiser" is a good thing for parties desiring to do foreign advertising.

—The Boston *Congregationalist* has a lady associate editor, Sarah K. Bolton.

—Col. John M. Bowman, an old elditor of Juniata Valley, has retired from the Mifflintown *Tribune*.

—The Ebensburg *Herald* recently appeared in a new dress, which, as a matter of course, greatly improved it.

—"Constant Reader" wants to know if his poem was declined "because it was too long!" No, it was because it was too thin.—*Ex.*

—The only Republican paper in Mississippi suspended publication not long ago. The shot-gun policy of Democracy was too much for that inkslinger.

—The *Camp Daily*, a paper devoted to the interests of the Juniata Valley Camp-meeting Association, appeared during the late meeting at Newton Hamilton.

—Mr. Swartz, representative of the Altoona *Tribune* in Holidaysburg, has laid down the pen, which he so vigorously used for the *Tribune*, to teach school.

—The Somerset *Herald* says the trip lately taken by the Pennsylvania and Ohio editors to Mammoth Cave is a "poor man's excursion." If editors were not favored by railroad companies, very few would see the world outside of their own county.

—We are in receipt of a copy of the *Matrimonial News*, a journal devoted to love, courtship and marriage, published at Williamsport. The August number is full of proposals for husbands, wives and correspondents. Price fifty cents per year.

—The *Printers' Miscellany* speaks right out in meetin' when it says it is generally the man who doesn't subscribe for a paper who sends the editor a communication pitching into somebody or something and signs it "Many Readers."

—The Chicago *News* has nominated Hon. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, for President in 1880. It would take a mighty big flood of *Water-soon* after the Republican National Convention in order that the *News* might realize its desire.

—They are hard on editors down at Scranton. Shortly after the late election to divide Luzerne county, A. A. Chase, editor of the Scranton *Daily Times*, was ridden in effigy on a rail through the streets. Subsequently the effigy was fired from the mouth of a cannon on the public square. He opposed the new county idea.

—Mr. W. W. Harding, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and a paper manufacturer, has failed. In 1870 Mr. Harding was thought to be worth $500,000. When Jay Cooke & Co. failed he was compelled to make good in a short time $80,000, and this was the commencement of his ruin. He says he will pay twenty-five cents on the dollar.

—D. W. Bartlett, one of the best known and most trustworthy of the old school of Washington correspondents, has determined to give up newspaper work to accept the position of American secretary to the Chinese Embassy. Mr. Bartlett has been a Washington correspondent for nearly thirty years, representing for a long time the *Evening Post*, of New York city, and for more or less time various other New England papers, especially the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, with which he retained his connection to the last. He was always intimate with Mr. Dawes, and was clerk of the Committee on Elections when Mr. Dawes was its chairman. Mr. Bartlett began his career as private secretary to Elihu Burritt. Of late years he has spent only his winters in Washington, residing in the summers at a pretty country place at Avon, in the valley of the Farmington, in Connecticut.

Poetry.

ENTIRETY.

Sweetheart, it is not only for to-day,
Rich as thy beauty is and calm thy grace,
Yet those, thy lovers, praise thy proud, sweet face!
Should not love teach them nobler words to say?
Nay, darling, it is from thy very birth,
Through thy dear maiden innocence, thy rare,
Shy youth, thy royal womanhood, and on,
On till old age hath crowned thee. It is there,
And onward still my greater love seeks thee,
Through mirth and sorrow—peace and plain—thy life I con
As 'twere a page, and love it, hold it fast,
Nor yield it even to death. Oh, first and last
And only love! Eternity to me—
Past, present, future—is but love of thee.

A SUMMER'S GROWTH.

Fair was the flower which proffers not its fruit—
The bud began to swell 'neath springs soft dew,
And tenderly the winds of summer blow
To foster it; and great strong suns were mute
As through its veins warm life began to shoot,
And it put on, each day, some beauty new;
And all the fairer as I think, it grew
Because the streams were tears about its root.
But now our fruit hangs well within our reach
And this, indeed, is time for gathering;
It hath the bloom of summer tinted peach;
Each charm it hath that any man could sing.
Yet ye who taste it whisper, each to each,
"Not sweet, but very bitter is this thing!"

Our Story Teller.

Becasse.

"Eeee-onk! eee-onk! ee-onk! e-onk!" A prolonged and ear-piercing wail on the still sultry air causes me to leave the arms of coy Morpheus at the unaccustomed hour of seven in the morning. With imprecations on that special donkey, I turn on my other side, in the faint hope of still successfuliy wooing "tired Nature's sweet restorer," but, between asses biped and quadruped, I am doomed.

Bang! bang! at my door, and, taking my execrations for welcome, that other noisy donkey Dick Tremenhere stalks into my room and across it to the shuttered window, where, making an aperture between the blinds just large enough to direct a strong sun-ray into my defenceless eyes, he then and there airs his extensive vocabulary of admiring adjectives.

"Isn't she a beauty? I don't wonder she is pronounced dangerous. Such eyes, eh? And all that long hair just floating! I say, Ted, you never saw such contours. Tumble up, old man, and get a sight of her before she's off. The donkey is restive, and all the others are mounted. Why, she looks lovely even on that infinitesimal brute!"

"Brute yourself! And what if I don't want to see her? Wouldn't turn out to see the most lovely her or him in the whole world, much less a stranger!" I growl.

"Come, now — stranger, is she, when I know you were at least a month with her at Trouville last summer? Insensible to your charms, master Teddy—is that it? Now I come to think of it, she was said to have been spoons upon a carrot-topped fellow, with something horrible to ears polite by way of name—Piggins, Snooks, or that ilk."

"Tremenhere, will you have the goodness to stop that?" I threaten, in the act of throwing the bed-room candlestick at his head.

He stoops, and the missile sails through the opening in the shutters and descends among the equestrians below, creating great chatter. For a moment we preserve an astounded silence, and I have the air of sleeping most profoundly, determined, if any one is brained below, to leave intrusive Tremenhere to bear the brunt of the mischief; but a burst of silvery laughter proclaims the general safety, and so we take heart. I scramble out of bed, and, clad in a travelling-rug, refresh my visual organs with a glance below. Half-a-dozen or more quadrupeds of the asinine species are unwillingly carrying as many damsels, who in vain struggle to accommodate their "pull-back" costumes to the exigencies of the occasion—the biped portion of this Asineum Club are unmistakable good-class Englishmen, in excursion costume of dirty-flannel color, and no particular shape, stupendous *puggeree*, dark goggles, with walking-stick like Hercule's club, and enormous square-toed, inch-soled shoes, sunburned noses and unkempt hair. But the fair creatures seem to like it, for there is unlimited slipping out of saddle, and having to be lifted up again, with their pretty hands on their squires' willing shoulders. There is also much fitting of slender booted feet into obstinate stirrups, and obliging tugging at indiscret and unwilling petticoats to adapt them to necessity.

Just under my coigne of vantage is a young person whose face I cannot see; but her dust-gray dress and Rubens hat of the same color, with scarlet poppies to match the housings of her mouse-colored steed, make the ensemble less absurd. Her figure, as Tremenhere says, is the work either of nature or of Monsieur Worth, for no one else could have produced such a *chief-d' œuvre*.

"Who is it, Dick?" I whispered.

"*Because* that thou art, don't tell me you don't know!"

Then the gray hat turns aside, and Helen Trevor looks so directly up at my shuttered window that I involuntarily collapse and sink down out of sight behind an arm-chair—just as if she could pierce the green blinds with her splendid brown eyes! Can it be that she has come to this quiet place because she knows I am here? And does she know, too, that I was not quite able to despise her in her affair with my cousin Jay Jenkins till she threw the poor fellow over when he lost his fortune?

I know I am not clever. I was plucked for the logic I did not have, and Greek and I could not get beyond a bowing acquaintance; so I went to "cram" with a "coach," but I never went back to classic shades. "Coach" said I would "do" with twenty thousand a year, but would not do in mathematics for a cat's-meat man. I knew I could love Helen Trevor, if she had not been the money-hunting creature she proved, just as well as if I had taken a double-first.

Looking out of the window again, the donkey-bells jingled down the avenue, the escort goes bravely along in the dust, and Dick Tremenhere lies kicking up his heels on my bed, slapping his legs in a paroxysm of delighted discovery, and calling out—

"Hasn't she got you in a corner, my sweet? And ain't you frightened, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' in this little spot, where you can't show a clean pair of heels without taking all the world into your confidence?"

"If you don't give over shouting, I'll duck you in my bath! Come out of that, and tell me when these people came."

"Per *diligence* the half—meaning the chaperons, and such heavy luggage—and the rest came up on top of Betrand de Lys's four-in-hand, while you were meandering the trout stream where never since the memory of man was fish taken. You remember you were late, and dined alone, and then grumped off with your cigar till roosting time, like a sour old beggar as you are. What did they do to you at Trourville thus to curdle your humanity?"

"You'd never know if I should tell you. It would be like a properly pronounced line of Virgil to Parliamentarians. Go to!"

"But you won't cut and run, though she does look dangerous?" Dick begs. "I say, Ted, just stand up to her. Going away is foolish, you know; and she'd course you, if she'd a mind, from Paris to 'Petersburg. You'd be no end of ridiculous doing the Parthian."

"Friend of my soul, the oracle has not yet spoken. *Entre nous*, I think this rather a stupid place."

"There you go!" he exclaimed despairingly. "You'll be 'the chased Teddy Livingstone,' and we'll have a pool on such a favorite as I hear she is. Don't cut, I implore. Say you won't."

"Seek not to proticipate, as says the immortal Sairey; but I think I shall stay and convince you that you are all wrong."

"She couldn't seize you and come the Bunsby, you know," persists Dick, encouragingly.

The I give him a miniature douche as a mild hint that the audience is ended, and he departs with a final injunction not to "prink" until dinner time, while I proceed to a meditative toilet.

Of course Helen Trevor knows that I understand her usual tactics; but equally of course it is rubbish about her coming here for the entrapping of one who knows her so well. My reason for choosing the better part of valour is something quite different, but I am not obliged to tell Dick Tremenhere that I cared for Miss Trevor before she showed favor to my cousin Jay, and that, even though I saw how she drew him on, and then threw him over when the cash failed, I am weak enough to fear that I shall forget Jay's wrongs in the soft splender of her great brown eyes and be a blatant ass for a heartless woman. Through Jay's long illness I was too loyal to think of its cause with anything but anger. But when he got well, and I left him so ridiculously happy with the woman who had been Helen Trevor's best friend, I took foolishly to dwelling on his good fortune in that the wrong woman had jilted him in time to give him to the right one.

"There is no excuse for her, I know," I tell myself, "and my best step will be to leave this place with the plea that the woodcocks have deserted it, as they really have done this year. But I will not fight shy of her while I must stay. She might come to suspect; and that little Jerningham with her party is a walking rose bud. 'Jigging' in the evening is one's fate in all these pyrenean haunts; and one can't 'grump,' as Dick has it, for ever."

"I call that too bad," growls that gentleman, as we stroll through the Casino *promenoir*, boudoir, reading-room, and terrace without sighting our game—for of course I mean to plunge *in medias res*. "Mesdemoiselles Niminy-piminy are too tired after their little outing," sneers Master Dick, "to come out and have a bit of healthy exercise. They are doubtless either flirting in the dark corners of the hotel garden or having a 'goose party' with Vermouth and cigarettes. What a lot of heated, blousy furies they look, those women in the dancing hall. How sweet and kind of you to come over to-night, dear Mrs. Jerningham, when you must be so tired! S-s-st, Hyacinthe! Some chairs here, near the door, so that we may get a breath of air."

This sudden change in Dick's vituperative strain is owing to the fact that he has nearly tumbled over Mrs. Jerningham and her party, just entering; and in less time than it takes to tell it Miss Florence Jerningham is, with himself, added to the "furies," and whirling to the music in apparent content.

"Adapting yourself to circumstances?" questions a low soft voice in my ear; and, obliged at last to address her, I turn and see such a beautiful illustration of falsity that the sight might have driven Truth to drown herself in her well, in despair of competition.

"How happens it that the fairest Helen condescends to petty a Troy?" I drivel over her white fingers—her fingers are cold, too, on this hot September night!

She is slow in responding, and I have time, and muster supercilious coolness, to look at her glossy head with its drooped eyelids and small scarlet mouth, at the soft white bosom heaving under its foamy lace, at the lithe elegance of her clearly defined figure, resting upon slender little feet that her namesake and prototype might have envied. All men are free to gaze—and why not I, whose heart stands still at sight of this glorious beauty, so fatal because it is so false?

Naturally Helen Trevor does not wait to answer; she turns to respond to some commonplace of her chaperon, and then lifts her perfect arm as if to give me the waltz which rings out on the night; and I have even forgotten my cousin's existence while I float down "the blue Danube" with Helen's beautiful undulating form clasped in my arms and swaying with my lightest motion. As I give her my arm at the conservatory door, she says—

"I wonder if you quite hate me. Do you?"

The glorious waltz has not put a shade of color into the soft whiteness of her cheeks; they even look thinner than they were last year, or at least their oval is a shade finer; and, as she raises her wonderful fringed eyelids, I see the faint violet undertinting which speaks of tears—not baby tears, like summer showers, but the bitter drops that come of deep pain.

"Hate you?" I repeat. "Well, pretty heartily, I fancy; or at least I did, and still should, if I hadn't left Jay and Dolly so absurdly happy that there was no viewing it with patience. I don't think 'hate' is the word," I say, with brutally frank emphasis, as I remember poor old Jay when he was hovering between life and death.

Miss Trevor is looking out over a moonlit stretch of hill and river as I cease, but she shows no anger. As she puts her hand on my arm for our last turn at the waltz she shivers slightly.

"Got chilly on this hot night?" I ask.

She looks up into my face with her disclaimer on lips singularly blanched and colorless, while an almost defiant light shines in her eyes.

"I knew Dolly Hetherton loved Jay Jenkins, even at Cauterets last year," she says, with a cold laugh.

"Wounded friendship, too?" I answer. "What a lucky ruin his was!"

"Bah! Don't joke with truth. And, since you know me so thoroughly, let us be frank. What have you here worth netting?"

Oh, to hear my beautiful darling seal her infamy with her own lips! I think it is the bitterest of all my pain.

"*Ma foi*, I believe he is daring to pity me, this chivalrous gentleman whose bosom friend I tricked!" she says fiercely.

"Why should I pity you? I think you mistake the person. I pity your victims."

"*Bon!* They will need it, or I mistake myself. But you have not yet told me over the list of wild fowl."

"*Imprimis*—let me think. Whom shall I call first and best?"

She makes me a grand sweeping obeisance, with all her gauzy gold embroideries widely spread, as she laughs out—

"Behold him! Unfortunately for me, I am quite out of the running—scratched at Trouville a long year ago."

Confound it, I must needs get furiously red! But I hasten on without otherwise noticing her thrust.

"There's fat old Prince Bortchaska, sixty, if a day, and with quite a new and original shade of purple for a nose. He comes often from the play tables at Lucbon to see if we have anything striking and *comme il faut*, as he has decided to marry, in the hope of restraining bad young Galitzin, who imitates him so filially. Rather of the vulture order this, but very golden game." I could almost think that her lips tremble piteously as she covers them with a yellow rose—probably because I wish to heaven they would. "Then there's that dirty looking red Jew Moise, who stopped the play at Monte Carlo twice last year, and has no end of shekels of gold and of silver. *Chacun a son gout*, but I would almost prefer the Muscovite with his years and nose, for he at least would have the traditions of a good family."

"*Embarras de choix*," says my companion, in a smothered voice.

"By the way," I go on viciously, "I haven't mentioned the man in the bath-chair—a petroleum lord, and as rich as the rest—because I fancy Mdlle. Aline Deslange, of the Gymnase, would allow no poaching on her manor."

"Take me to Mrs. Jerningham!" interrupts Miss Trevor haughtily; and I bow and obey.

At all events she is frank with me. I wish she were not. Then we ride and drive, climb peaks and descend ravines, and Miss Trevor seems out of spirits and does not seem to "go for" any one.

Dick Tremenhere has made famous running, and is going to tie up with the rosebud Jerningham; and the cool October wanes, and warns us to think of flight.

"I say, Ted Livingstone," bawls that happy youth one day, as I am going off, with my gun and the apocryphal quail for excuse, to while away the afternoon hours, "you'll just be getting yourself hanged for murder one of these fine days. The woods are full of pic-nics and such small dears, and you go popping about on the loose, as if bagging a brace of pretty girls was of no account."

"Don't be so puffed up, Dickbird," I say sententiously, "with your bewildering success. Any intelligent jury would give me a vote of thanks for ridding the world of that class of senseless persons who require salt in their champagne cup, mustard in their ices, spiders up their backs, and an ant-hill for a seat, in order to the full enjoyment of the beauties of nature."

"Come along, Ted," he implores. "Last year, at Cauterets, they say you were awfully jolly at a gipsy tea, and all that. It must be either the infirmities of old age or concealed spoons which cause these melancholics" he confidently pronounces—"and we know it isn't the first."

"My dear Dick, you know you are at present regarding your own classic proboscis in the bowl of an undoubted spoon, and you fancy that other people look equally foolish. Don't you wish, my fox, that other vulpine brushes were in the same danger? It is your rose-colored spectacles which deceive you, old duffer! And whom should I spoon?"

"*A propos* of nothing," goes on the transparent ass, "I have heard something about the Trevor which has given me qualms of conscience. I'm told that the fair Trojan is really hard up—cleaned out, you know—and by some family trouble that Florry promised Helen not to tell, as her mother and Helen's are as thick as thieves. The mother lives in an *entresol* at Paris on 'tuppence' a year, while Helen takes to the visiting dodge—a month with one and six months with another—unsalaried sheep-dog—— "

"Dick, you're a bore!" I interrupt savagely. "Miss Trevor might not like such discussions—and what possible interest can the matter have for me?"

For a moment Dick almost looks ill-humoured, but all at once he explodes in a tremendous guffaw, winks his dexter eye knowingly, and goes off, as Bon Gaultier hath it—"*Coffee-milling care and sorrow with a nose-adapted thumb.*"

I stroll a mile away to a little singing river, and choose a seat in the fringe of willows which borders it. Can it be true that Helen Trevor is pinched with poverty? Why did she not take Jay, with his still remaining thousand a year? At least she could have made her mother comfortable. There I go again, always theorizing as if she were the woman I wished to heaven she might be! I sight a waving twig in the distance, and pick up my gun and cut it in two; but a smothered squeak from among the bushes lower down tells me that I have alarmed some one, and I go, hat in hand, to offer excuses.

"*Diantre*, if I had shot her!" I gasp, as Helen Trevor tries to escape without speaking; but a fringe of her big silk shawl-rug catches a branch, and some evil-disposed briars hold her fast by the lace of her *peignoir*.

"Did I frighten you, really?" I stammer, trying to help her.

"Not in the least. I was only startled, thinking myself alone," she answers, keeping her face turned from me and dragging at her captors with shaking hands which belied her assertion.

"Don't tear the pretty things," I beg, seeking for conversation; but she suddenly sinks down in a lovely heap, and, hiding her beautiful face in her hands, weeps "like a Madeleipe." "For Heaven's sake Miss Trevor, tell me what troubles you! Can a man—can a sincere friend be of any service to you?"

But she goes on weeping, the great tears drench her tiny lace handkerchief, and stream through her fingers. Then she ceases as suddenly as she began, and, looking up at me with her eyes still full of tears, she laughs out, but a little hysterically—

"How dare you look at me weeping? I will never forgive you. If I could but do the Diana business, and turn you into an unthinking as well as speechless *cerf!*"

"But I am still your serf." I answer, trying to adapt myself to her humor, "and of course should not dare to do what you forbid."

By this time she is standing, with a very April face, holding out her little drenched handkerchief ruefully to me. I hasten to supply her with one of my own more serviceable *mouchoirs*, with which she dries her eyes. Then she dips her fingers in the stream, and washes her face, and finally says—

"Will I do?"

"You look like lilies after rain," I reply, equal to the occassion, for she is one of the few women who can weep without incurring a red nose and ferret eyes.

"Now don't dare look sorry for me," she commands, tears trembling in her voice, "or I'll do it again. I'm one of the naughty children who cry when they are pitied."

"But, Miss Trevor," I urge, as she is evidently going off without another word, "please take me so far into your confidence as to let me be of service to you. Tell me how I can serve you, and you'll do an idle fellow a good turn."

With genuine surprise she turns and looks back at me.

"Do you know what you say? Do you really mean it?" she asks in a kind of breathless way.

"Listen," I reply, taking her hand almost roughly in my enforced self-control. "I suppose I know you thoroughly—and you know that it is so—but, if a genuine friendship can be of use to you, now or in the future, accept it at my hands, in Heaven's name. Promise!"

She is gazing eagerly in my face, and her lips quiver as if she would speak; but all at once the light goes out of her eyes. She withdraws her hand, and, giving me a cold salutation, she turns again and leaves me, walking hurriedly away by the path that leads down by the stream and out upon the highway.

I sit some time, my head giddy with foolish thoughts. If I marry her, can I teach her to love me afterwards? Dare I do this? Dare I bring such a creature home to my mother's arms as her only daughter? I almost feel the courage to do it, to open my heart to the sweet old *mater*, and beg her to help me to win this glorious creature, to show her the beauty of a noble life, and the happiness of home. I will write to-night to the *mater*—she will help me.

I take up my gun and empty game bag, and, not to follow her, take the high-road farther up, to see, a rod away, under an elm by the wayside, Moise, the dirty German Jew, just bending his carroty head to kiss Helen Trevor's hand!

I do not wish my bitterest enemy such a spasm of rage and anguish as wrings my heart in this brief moment, while I see the reptile get into his waiting dog-cart and, waifing back a kiss to the beautiful creature, still complacently waiting, drives away. Before she can stir, I stride past, making her a low obeisance with uncovered head and scornful smile, which salute she receives in kind; but the good blood in her veins refuses to sanction her disgrace, and I exult in seeing that she is as white to the lips as the robe she trails proudly through the great grove to the hotel. Tricked once more, henceforth I hold no terms with the siren.

Next day, when the letters are distributed, I announce my departure for the morrow, and every one says the usual civil things except Miss Trevor.

"News from your mother?" asks Mrs. Jerningham.

"A long letter, and she is plunged into the depths of dark despair, as Doctor Watts would say, because her jolly little companion, the fair Pilkington, has decided to enter the Church—or, rather, to marry the curate. How to replace the gentle Pil is rending the maternal bosom."

"That nice plump blonde creature, who was as good as she was witty, and had such a taste in breakfast-caps? You needn't chaff, Master Ted; such companionable bodies don't grow on every bush," says the good Jerningham *mere*. "Why did she let her marry?"

"Probably it is her own match-making that *mater* bewails. She is always intriguing to throw his nice creatures in the way of inflammable curates; and when they are happy she gets time to remember her own desolation. You don't know of an epitome of all the virtues, with good looks, good taste and a ready wit, who is going a begging for three hundred or so a year, and unlimited spoiling at the hands of one of the sweetest of old ladies?"

"I know such a nice old thing, who was Florry's finishing governess—but then she's deadly pious, and she snuffs."

"I beg your pardon, but how can you make such a suggestion? The *mater* would sneeze her dear old head off—and she must have something agreeable to look at, now she is too lazy to visit much. Pil is not a beauty, but she is rather pretty, and as good as gold. Think again."

"I believe I can find what you require; I will think it over and write to your mother before the Pilkington's exodus takes place."

But I do not depart the next day, nor for many a day. Dick gets perfectly unbearable with his slangy insinuations, for he is deprived of his beloved through Miss Trevor's severe illness—a nervous fever, they say—and he revenges himself on me.

"Not going up to Pau?" he says, in pretended surprise. "Why, Milly White is there, and the Hethertons; and the beauty is an awfully stunning friend or cousin of Miss Dolly's, which would ensure you no end of innings."

"Pau is detestable so early in the season, with tourists and roaring lions of that sort," I answer lazily.

"What dear little reasons the nice little boy can give for the throwing of dust in the general eye; but it is the original donkey all the same that has cooked his goose;" and with a sort of bray he gives vent to his feelings.

"Glad you haven't lost your mother-tongue, but you forget what an ass you are while there's illness in the house."

"By Jove, yes! Poor little Helen! It's no wonder she carries a black flag, so heavily weighted as she is. Do you know she comes of those Cornwall Trevors who manage to go through all they can lay hands on—and her cad of a brother was near having to cut the service lately on account of over due play-debts. Florry thinks that Helen helped him out of the hobble, but she does not know how. If it should be that she borrowed of that pig Moise, who hung about her last month and comes every day for news of her, I'm afraid we all know what she has mortgaged, poor girl!"

Before Dick's speech is ended I have a buzzing in my ears, see blood-spots dancing in the air, and feel that I am furiously angry. Have I a right to interfere? Of course not—and yet I shall. If I kick Moise and he challenges me, will that touch Miss Trevor's good name? I cannot think clearly, so I go off for a gallop, which gets the fury and hot blood off my brain. Come clattering down the road I see that same red Jew on a very screw of a nag, and fancy him on his way to his daily inquiry. Then I shoulder his beast, which very properly lashes out with both heels. I give it at the same moment a whack across the shoulders with my riding-stick; and then we two do a bit of the hard road as if jockeying for the great cup of the season, and take no notice of passers, until an ox team stops the way, nearly drawn across the road in the act of turning about. By a fluke I clear the empty cart, and then pull up my impromptu hunter to see the Israelite's nag tumble against the wagon, and throw his small rider clean over it and the road wall into a deep pool of still water below, where he disappears. I smile at his delightfully frog flight, but am surprised that he does not come up to blow. The peasant with the cart enlightens me with a torrent of pure Bearnais, with windmill motions and copious howls—all equally intelligible. But I am not here to see the beggar drown, though a bath might be to him a new and beneficial experience. I am in the ice-cold pool, and tugging him up from the weeds amid which he has become entangled, and the carter pulls us out on the bank a minute afterwards. The Jew's ugly visage is not improved by the cooling, but we soon roll and tumble the water out of him, and he comes to, gasping and swearing, but none the worse. We soon resume our horses and road, he profuse in acknowledgements for the saving of the life I had endangered, and I seeking to take offence.

"By the time I have changed it will be too late to go and ask news of Miss Trevor at your hotel," he remarks, consulting his watch.

"And I forbid you to make such inquiries," I say offensively.

He looks very savage and astonished, and demands by what right I forbid his visits.

"I do not choose to explain, but they are to cease."

"*Mais*, Monsieur ——" —"*Mais*, Monsieur Moise, the subject is ended."

I feel awfully shabby bullying such a little fellow; but he might fight. Helen Trevor's good name must not make me act the coward, since she could take mine instead. Jews are usually plucky, and good shots.

"There is my card if you wish to call me to account," I suggest.

But he does not take the card, and stammers, hesitating, but finally coming out with his pound of flesh:

"It would be foolish in me to notice your bravado, since the lady happens to be my promised wife."

His wife—good Heaven! I think I shall go mad with the idea; but I clench my hands, and only say quietly—

"You are mistaken—she has changed her mind."

"Changed her mind!" he screams. "And my twelve thousand pounds? I am tricked, robbed, swindled!"

"Hold your lying tongue!" I say between my teeth. "You shall have your money when and where you will."

"Words—words! And I have no security!" he moans, his teeth chattering with cold and fear of loss.

"When and where?" I ask briefly; and he at last consents to name a day and place. As he is turning away to his hotel I bethink me to add, "If I hear of your mentioning this affair or the lady's name, it is to me you will account for it. And in that case I will break your head. *Comprenez?*"

I feel really sneaking as I say good night to the man whom I have so securely badgered.

The sum is a stiff one; but the yacht can be put down, and the *mater* will lend her "pickle" a "fiver" without asking questions, bless her dear heart! The rest will be easy, without altering our usual habits, or restricting expenditure, which would not please my mother.

When I reach the house I hear that Miss Trevor is better—is even by special permission to be seen this evening in the Jerninghams' boudoir. I ask for a ticket, and spend the time up to nine o'clock in telegraphing necessary orders and writing to the *mater*.

I am in a horrible fright about the confession. What if she is "high and mighty," and says she prefers Moise and the sheckels? I have almost told her I despised her—and it was impertinent meddling on my part. I must ask her to be Mrs. Ted when I have blocked her refusing by driving off the Israelite.

* * * * * * *

"My man says you came in dripping. What have you been up to, my pippin? Confess and repent, or you shall not see the Trevor—and I tell you she's besought after in her lace fluffs and pinky pallor. Did it duck itself to calm its fevered feelings, or has it been a-spoiling of the Egyptian's mug?"

"Please, dear Dick," I say, pleadingly.

"Good Heaven, old boy, is it to bad as all that?" he cries, and then goes before and leads away the good old Jerningham and her child, and I find Helen alone.

She is lying in a great white covered invalid-chair, and looks very frail and shadowy, with her two slender hands resting listlessly in her lap. Her long hair is thrown back in a wavy, curly mass, and she lifts two very big beseeching eyes, but does not smile on me. Something quite chokes my speech for a moment, and then I break the silence in a brutal, man-like way.

"Miss Trevor—Helen," I stammered, like a schoolboy, "I have told Moise that you are going to marry me—that he can't have you."

Oh, the lovely color her indignation gives her, and the tears of anger in her luminous eyes! I see I am done for; and—how can I help it?—I just gather her up into my arms, to hold her to my aching, longing heart once more, to kiss her white cheeks, her brow, her throat, her hands—my darling, oh, my lost darling! She is nearly swooning, for she lies against my heart whiter than any broken lily.

"Put me in my chair," she whispers faintly.

Ashamed at last, I obey, and cling, kneeling, to her lovely hands. She

is to weak to reproach me.

"I must marry Monsieur Moise," she explains wearily; "there are strong binding reasons."

"But he is paid. The bond is cancelled and you are free."

Her eyes dilate, and, oh, she smiles and looks content!

"Will you take me, Helen? Will you come to me?" I entreat.

She lifts her perfect hand and motions silence; and, when some long cruel moments have passed thus, she turns to me and answers calmly and firmly—

"No, dear friend, I cannot be your wife. I will love you as a sister might, and ask of Heaven to find some sweet, pure soul who has never been dragged in the dust of this life. You are brave and chivalrous, and wish to help me in the only way possible. You shall give me this material aid till such time as I can repay it with gold as clean as yours."

"But if I love you—if I cannot live without you?" I groan.

"Oh, noble soul, you do not wish that anything should be wanting in your gift?"

"Oh, Helen, then you cannot love me nor learn to love me as your wife?"

Such a sad sweet smile answers me! Love will not be forced, and is grown too loyal to deceive me.

"Kiss me yet once again, my brother," she falters, "and then leave me. Don't let me meet you here again," she whispers against my fierce throbbing heart. "I think it will kill me——"

She swoons quite away with these last words, and I may kiss her white lips at my will, for she is as dead to this world as she is henceforth to me.

* * * * * *

I pass some weeks with my mother, who has great hopes of Mrs. Jerningham's newly-discovery paragon of companions. When my business affairs are arranged, and Phil's successor imminent, I go out to India and have some glorious pig-sticking and other such games. There is no shirking the fact that I am badly touched; but men do not die of such things—at least those of sixty feet four and bicepts to match.

A bad sign for my six months' cure is the fact that I do not take kindly to the severe flirting in vicer-egal circles, nor yet console myself with facile grass-widows, of which there are plently on the voyage home

I mean, after a good long spell with the *mater*, and a turn at Mayfair as a mental hygienic, to be off to Norway. The yacht has not been sacrificed to my autumn's Quixotism, thanks to the same guardian angel who demanded frequent congratulations on the possession of Phil's successor.

Life has not lost all its savour, as I find when I once more hug my little mother to my heart, and she kisses and coos over her prodigal. Of course I made a clean breast of all my troubles before going away; and my old darling exults over my sun-burned nose, broad shoulders, and "twelve-stone-some-thing," as if she imagined one pining in green and yellowmelancholy. After a long and candid *pow-wow*, she sends me off to dress for dinner.

"Be a little early; for the Tremenheres are coming to dine, and you must meet Phil's successor beforehand," says the thoughtful dear. I have forgotten the paragon!

But, mindful of the probable tastes of advanced spinsterhood, I reject the button-hole bouquet which my man has carefully prepared, and, to his indignation, descend in sweet simplicity. I stand for a moment on the terrace, before the drawing-room windows, looking about on the only place I can really call home; and, despite its one sore spot, I am content in my heart. I hear a step behind me—Phil's successor! I turn and advance to meet a graceful woman in fleecy white draperies and—can I believe my eyes? She draws near and holds out those perfect hands I kissed last year, and Helen Trevor's sweet eyes look up into mine, dewy and timid, a soft flush coming and going in her cheeks.

"If I might change my mind and ask you to take me, this time!"

I have her in my arms—next to my heart—close, before she can finish, and answer her with passionate kisses.

"Is that the way you present yourself to my companions?" asks my mother, severely. "Did your conduct yourself in that way to poor Phil? Such unheard-of behavior from a drawing-room terrace! Suppose Florry Tremenhere had arrived!" Then she drops the majestic to take to the objurgative, and threatens me with the garden-engine if I do not cease looking idiotically happy—at which juncture I seize her and make her do an unvoluntary war-dance, in her blue velvet and peares, to the serious discomposure of her silver curls, and the deep disgust of the butler, who comes to announce our guests.

My beautiful Helen had only believed in my love when she learned it from that leaky vessel of a *mater*, after some months' close companionship had taught them to love each other.

"So, old man," hails Dick Tremenhere' "you are going to get your tail cut off like the rest of us leathery foxes. I told you that donkey was the knell of fate—see what comes of woodcocking in the Pyrenees."

"How can you Richard?" Thus his rose-bud, bent upon the Herculean task of frowning down slang.

I feel like Mr. Pickwick, as if nothing earthly shall induce me to go to bed, lest my happiness turn out to be a dream; but a long sweet chat on the terrace under the full moon makes it feel more real.

"You were never a fortune-hunter, *ma toute belle*," I blurt out, "and I was an ass to believe it for a moment," I assert in a glow of indignation.

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I was! But how could I know what a vile thing it would be until after I saw you at Cauterets?"

"You don't mean it?" I interrupt, enraptured." "And you love me then?"

"How shabby of you to make me confess it, when you didn't care for me then!" answers my love, her face hidden—I do not say where.

"Helen! Why, I loved you madly from the first moment I looked in your matchless face!"

"But you seem devoted to Dolly Hetherton. It was that which made me so desperate and wicked then and since. What did it matter whom I married, since it could not be him I loved? My brother, too, had to be helped at once. Then I saw as plain as day that Dolly loved Jay, and so, since I could do no better, I threw him over, sure that the *fracas* would make them know their hearts and be happy together. I cannot excuse the Moise affair, unless I tell you that it prevented my brother's death by his own hand. And, now that the title and estates are his, mamma says he is all she could desire. It is you who have saved us all."

* * * * * *

Some one asked Dick Tremenhere lately, in my hearing, about small game in the Pyrenees, and I grieve to say that he ended his summary in this low and abandoned manner—

"P—lovers quail before you shoot, and, for a specimen *becasse*, just go for Teddy Livingstone!"

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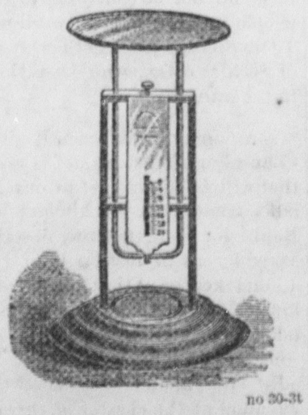

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

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DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, can be found at his office and residence on North side of High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 10-16 1y

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Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.

THE BEST STORE IN

CENTRE COUNTY.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Groceries, Notions, &c.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after June 2, 1878:

SUMMER.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 55 p m
" " Harrisburg		4 25 a m
" " Williamsport		8 35 a m
" " Lock Haven		9 40 a m
" " Renovo		10 55 a m
" arr at Erie		7 35 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia		7 20 a m
" " Harrisburg		10 50 a m
" " Williamsport		2 20 p m
" " Lock Haven		3 25 p m
" arr at Renoo		4 40 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		4 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 45 a m
" " Harrisburg		3 35 p m
" " Williamsport		7 30 p m
" arr at Lock Haven		8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves Lock Haven		6 40 a m
" " Williamsport		7 14 a m
" arr at Harrisburg		11 55 a m
" " Philadelphia		3 45 p m
DAY EXP. leaves Renovo		10 05 a m
" " Lock Haven		11 20 a m
" " Williamsport		12 40 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		4 10 p m
" " Philadelphia		7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo		8 35 p m
" " Lock Haven		9 45 p m
" " Williamsport		11 05 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		2 45 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		12 35 a m
" arr at Harrisburg		3 58 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 35 a m
ACCO'M. Leaves Renovo		7 55 a m
" arr. at Lock Haven		10 40 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accommodation West, and Day Express East, make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West, make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Exp. West, Erie Exp. West, Philadelphia Express East and Day Express East, and Sunday Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, *Gen'l Sup't.*

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table December 31, 1877.

WESTWARD.	Exp. A. M.	Mail P. M.
Leave Lock Haven	5 25	3 25
Flemington	5 29	3 30
Mill Hall	5 33	3 33
Beech Creek	5 46	3 47
Eagleville	5 50	3 51
Howard	6 00	4 02
Mount Eagle	6 08	4 10
Curtin	6 13	4 16
Milesburg	6 23	4 25
Bellefonte	6 33	4 35
Milesburg	6 43	4 45
Snow Shoe Int	6 48	4 48
Unionville	6 58	4 58
Julian	7 09	5 10
Martha	7 18	5 21
Port Matilda	7 26	5 31
Hannah	7 34	5 40
Bald Eagle	7 48	5 53
Vail	7 53	5 58
East Tyrone	7 58	6 03
Arrive at Tyrone	8 05	6 10
EASTWARD.	P. M.	A. M.
Leave Tyrone	7 08	8 30
East Tyrone	7 15	8 37
Vail	7 19	8 42
Bald Eagle	7 23	8 47
Hannah	7 36	9 02
Port Matilda	7 44	9 11
Martha	7 52	9 20
Julian	8 01	9 30
Unionville	8 11	9 42
Snow Shoe Int	8 21	9 51
Milesburg	8 24	9 55
Bellefonte	8 32	9 03
Milesburg	8 45	10 15
Curtin	8 55	10 25
Mount Eagle	9 00	10 30
Howard	9 08	10 40
Eagleville	9 18	10 52
Beech Creek	9 22	10 57
Mill Hall	9 34	11 10
Flemington	9 37	11 14
Arrive at Lock Haven	9 42	11 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 31, 1877.

Leaves Snow Shoe 7.30 a. m., arrives in Bellefonte 9.20 a. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 10.20 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.57 a. m.

Leaves Snow Shoe 2.42 p. m., arrives in Bellefonte 4.12 p. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 4.55 p. m., arrives Snow Shoe 6.27 p. m.

DANIEL RHOADS, *General Sup't.*

Miscellaneous.

Auctioneer's Card.

PHILIP TEATS, who has had large experience as an Auctioneer, offers his services to the people of Centre county.

He speaks German and English,

and possesses the invaluable gift in an auctioneer of a loud, clear voice, and can be distinctly heard a long distance. Those having work of this kind to do will do well to give him a call. Charges moderate. Call on or address him at Bellefonte, Pa. 12-1year

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me. 10 21 1y

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. HEAL THYSELF

9 42 1y

Health and Happiness.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply, send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila 10 2-1y

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have filed an application in the office of the Secretary of Internal Affairs, for a warrant for two hundred and thirty acres of Improved Land, in Halfmoon township, Centre county, bounded on the west by A. H. Griffin, and an old survey in the warrantee name of Josiah Lamborn, on the north by said survey and Andrew Hunter west by said Hunter and Joseph Miles. It being an old improvement made by a certain Robert Shaw, and which Joseph B. Shugert, his Executor by deed, dated January 2d, A. D. 1833, duly entered of record, granted and conveyed to Roland Curtin, Sr., as by reference thereunto, will more fully and as large appear.

MOSES THOMPSON.

Drugs and Medicines.

Drugs, Drugs, Drugs.

S. T. SHUGERT having purchased the Drug Store, on Allegheny-st., Bellefonte, nex door to the Hardware Store of Hicks & Bro. has stocked it with all the most popular

Drugs & Medicines,

Chemicals,

Perfumery,

Soaps, Combs,

Brushes,

Trusses,

Supporters,

Braces,

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Etc.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

The store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist, heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

9 16-1y S. T. SHUGERT.

ESTABLISHED. 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN, DRUGGIST,

Bush House Building, Bellefonte. Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first class drug store. Particular attention given to preparing physician's prescriptions, and family recipes. 6 1 1y

Flour and Feed.

DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.,)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

The highest market price paid for

WHEAT, RYE,

CORN,

OATS, &c.

6 39-1

Watchmaker.

WATCHMAKER'S REMOVAL.

F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business, and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired on short notice. 7-8-1f

Miscellaneous.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL View of Marriage!

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE

A Guide to Wedlock and confidential Treatise on the duties of marriage and the causes that unfit for it; the secrets of Reproduction and the Diseases of Women. A book for private, considerate reading. 300 pages, price 50 cts.

A PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER!

On all disorders of a Private Nature arising from Self Abuse, Excesses, or Secret Diseases, with the best means of cure. 224 large pages, price 50 cts.

A CLINICAL LECTURE on the above diseases and those of the Throat and Lungs, Catarrh, Ruptures, the Opium Habit, &c., price 10 cts.

Either book sent postpaid on receipt of price; or set three, containing 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, for 75 cts.

Address DR. BUTTS, No. 12 N. 6th St. St. Louis, Mo

Dr. A. G. OLIN'S Private Hospital, 187 East Washington St. Chicago, Ills, for the cure of all Diseases of a Private nature, resulting from early abuses or infection of either Sex. Seminal Weakness producing Emissions, Loss of Memory, Impaired Sight, Lost Manhood or Impotency, Nervous Debility, permanently cured; diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Piles, all Chronic Diseases, and DISEASES OF FEMALES, yield to his treatment. Dr. Olin has had a life-long experience, and cures where others fail. He is a graduate of the Reformed School, uses no mercury, has the largest practice in the U. S. LADIES requiring treatment without private home and board, call or write. Every convenience for patients. Send fifty cents for stamps of Rubber Goods and circular of important information by express. DR. OLIN'S Female Pills, $5 per Box. Consultation free.

MARRIAGE GUIDE 275 pages. Secrets & information for the young and middle aged of both Sexes, on all diseases of a private nature. Valuable advice to the married and those contemplating marriage. How to be healthy and truly happy in the married relation. Everybody should get this book. Price 50 cents, in any address, sealed.

$2500 A YEAR. Agents wanted. Business legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St Louis, Mo.

GUNS 5 Including Shooting Outfit. Every Gun Warranted. Hogarth, Moore & Brooks St. Louis.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless, no publicity. Send stamp for particulars. DR. CARSON, 167 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago. 9-35-1y

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco!

Awarded *highest prize* at Centennial Exposition for *fine chewing qualities* and *excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring*. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free to C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, General Agent, Philadelphia 33 4t

RAILROAD HOUSE, Corner Front and Pine Street, Philipsburg, Centre County, Pa.

ROBERT LOYD, Proprietor.

The best of liquors and cigars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. 9 25 1y

PAINTERS. DOAK & LONBERGER,

Painters, Paper Hangers and Kalsominers, will attend promptly to all orders in their line of business, addressed to them by mail or left at the REPUBLICAN office. 9 28-1y

Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday at Bellefonte, Centre county Pennsylvania, by

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
If not paid for within 6 months..... 2 50
If not paid for until expiration of year..... 3 00

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Editorial notices in our columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Marriage or death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices, ten lines in length, free; exceeding ten lines, five cents per line.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines, this type, $8.00 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months, twenty cents per line for the first three insertions, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch (12 lin' this typ'e)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$ 12 00
Two inches.....	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches.....	10 00	15 00	20 00
Four inches.....	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column.....	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column.....	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column.....	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

We have now the very best facilities for doing first-class Job Work, and solicit the patronage of all friends of the paper, together with all others who desire to obtain good work at fair prices.

We have the best workmen, the best presses, and the best type to be found anywhere.

Address all communications, relating to business, to

EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Republican State Ticket.

For Governor—GENERAL HENRY M. HOYT.
For Supreme Judge—JAMES P. STERRETT.
For Lieut. Governor—CHAS. W. STONE.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs—AARON K. DUNKLE.

Having nothing to defend let us not go upon the defensive. Being right, gentlemen, let us be aggressive.—GEN. HENRY M. HOYT.

See That You Are Assessed.

Every Republican who feels interested in good government, and the exercise of his elective franchise, should *see* that he is properly assessed on or before Thursday, September FIFTH, as that is the last day upon which assessments can be made. He should also see that he pays his taxes thirty days prior to the election, which this year comes on Tuesday, November FIFTH, the last day for payment of taxes being on Saturday, October FIFTH. It is the duty of the assessors of each township to be at the place of holding election in each district on the two secular days next, preceding September 6th, from the hours of 10 a. m., to 3 p. m., and from 6 p. m., to 9 p. m., of each of said days to revise the registration lists, and assess all who call upon him to be assessed. Any assessors who fail to discharge their duty in this particular should be reported and dealt with as provided by law. Let every Republican see that he is not disfranchised through any neglect of his.

JOHN G. LOVE,
Chairman Co. Com.

H. H. CUMMIN, ESQ., of Williamsport, will be an Independent candidate for Judge in Lycoming county.

POLITICAL aspirants should go to De Kalbe county, Ill. One-half the people are suffering from sun-stroke, and the balance are running for Sheriff.

GEN. GARFIELD has been nominated for Congress for the ninth time. This farmer Congressman has always been firm in his support of good government.

JUDGE KEY, of Tennessee, has sensibly concluded not to worry himself about running for Vice President. His chances are not worth much trouble and anxiety.

REYNOLDSVILLE, this State, must be infested with a set of sinners of the hardest cast. One night last week the corner stone of the new Lutheran church, of that place, was overthrown, and some samples of currency and church records stolen therefrom.

GERMANY has tried Free Trade and is disgusted. She is about to enforce a strong protective tariff. Workingmen, Democracy is in favor of Free Trade, while the Republican party is in favor of maintaining a high tariff in order to protect you. Choose, then, which one ye will serve.

"IF," asks an exchange, "the possession of one-half of Congress by the Democrats produces such bad results what would be the result with both Houses under their control? Will Judge Thurman take his pencil and figure out the answer, for his next key note?" Thurman need not answer that. The result will be the payment of $350,000,000 of Southern claims.

Ready for Rebellion.

The Jackson (Miss) *Clarion*, a Democratic organ, of course, says "On secession's hallowed ground"—referring to Dixie, a Mississippi city—Jeff Davis, whom it calls their "second Washington," was recently enrolled as an "honorary" member of the Confederate Louisiana Division of the Association of the Army of the Tennessee. As is usual with the old arch-traitor, who is the idol of the South, he used the opportunity of expressing his hatred of the Union, and giving vent to his treasonable doctrine of State Rights. The whole South shouts: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" We have succeeded in securing a few extracts from Southern papers, which are the mouth-pieces of the people, and give them to the public. The Okolona (Miss.) *Southern State*, on the 24th of July, printed part of Davis' speech, and comments on it in the following manner.

> The South will rise up and do fresh honor to her chieftain for these words—words that stir the proud blood in the veins of her chivalry like the ringing peals of a battle-trumpet; words that will cause the worth and culture of her sons to renew their oath of fidelity to the cause. This speech of the second Washington is sentient with the very breath and heart-beats of liberty. Its principles are the principles of free government; principles for which our Boys in Gray surrendered life and the world upon the field of war; principles that must and shall conquer in the coming years. We tell the North that she has not broken and cannot break the spirit of the South. The sentiments so ably and eloquently set forth by Davis are *the sentiments of nine-tenths of our people*, and the day is coming when they will triumph, and control the destiny of the Republic.

The New Orleans *Democrat*, applauds Jeff, and says:

> As for the New York *Times* and *Tribune*, the Chicago daily bulletins of indecency, and other Northern Republican journals, let them shriek on; they cannot disturb the ear or arouse a single emotion in the heart of the *Grand Old Man* who is passing the remainder of his days at Beauvoir, for he is as high above his traducers as is the orbed moon above the dog that howls at its path through the heavens.

The Meriden (Miss.) *Mercury* observes:

> The editor of this journal felt it a duty to be personally present to tender his respects to our *Fallen Chief*, and in that way attest his respect for our "Lost Cause." So far from entertaining any penitential thoughts which could make him ashamed to be there, lest the *Great Chief* should give utterance to sentiments in his hearing of unchanged and unchanging confidence in the righteousness of our cause, he was proud to grasp his hand, and proud of his noble utterances, spoken as it were, and was, in the presence and hearing of the people of the whole land, to give confidence to the followers of the "Conquered Banner" that they had done nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to repent of.

The Jasper (Miss.) *Herald* urgues:

> Brother Richmond is right. Why not let Mr. Jefferson Davis speak out his sentiments as freely as any one, even if he is under the proscriptions of the best government in the world? Ex-President Davis is now the "lion beset by curs."

The Memphis (Miss.) *Appeal* discourses as follows:

> Some of the Northern papers are giving themselves a great deal of trouble over Ex-President Davis' speech. It is all for nothing. This is a free country, and surely the Radical organs that howl so much about free speech should not begrudge the great statesman an opportunity of once in while telling them the truth, as they don't get it from any other source.

Father Ryan, the patriotic Confederate Catholic priest, while lauding Jeff., adds his own treasonable utterances to those of the "Second Washington." He cries:

> And the cause is not lost, nor ever will be, while there is a heart to feel and an arm to strike for true freedom and the sovereignty of State.

The Brandon (Miss.) *Republican*, in its admiration of Jeff., and its approval of his seditious utterances observes:

> It is his [Jeff's] lofty bearing since the war that has made him the *Greatest Hero of the Nineteenth Century* in our estimation.

"A gallant Mississippian," in a letter to the Okolona (Miss.) *States*, declares:

> Your eloquent and cordial tribute to President Davis and his late address fill all true Confederate hearts with gratification. He is the *Greatest Living American*; and for the pusillanimous ingrates who cavil at and deplore his utterances I have nothing but contempt.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion*, the official paper of the State, eloquently approves. It says:

> Nothing could have been more appropriate and timely than the speech delivered by ex-President Davis at Mississippi City. * * * * The speech is a legacy of which the countrymen of Mr. Davis may well be proud. It shoud be engraved upon their hearts and transmitted in letters more enduring than inscriptions upon marble and iron from generation to generation down through the coming ages.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer*, in applauding Jeff's seditious effort to incite those old demons, State's-Rights and Secession, to new turbulence and slaughter, declares:

> We unhesitatingly array ourselves with those who say, let Mr. Davis speak—and with those who think we have done ourselves no good by having sought so anxiously to please Yankees and negroes during the last twelve or thirteen years.

The Huntsville (Ala.) *Democrat* rivals its fellows in the following magnificent burst:

> Speak! "Old Man Eloquent," Illustrious Hero Statesman, Patriot—and your appreciative countrymen will always be glad to hear your words of wisdom and truth, however much you and their enemies may bellow and paw the earth, like bulls at a baiting.

And the Okolona (Miss.) *States*, in its irrepressible malignity, shouts:

> "Three cheers and a tiger for Jefferson Davis!"

Jeff Davis, the Moloch of Andersonville and Libby, is succeeding admirably in inciting the South to acts of treason. The above utterances are not without significance, or such newspapers could not exist. A people who desire perpetual union would not support journals of that character. A Republican paper does not exist in Mississippi to-day and assassination would be the reward of a man who attempted it. All rebeldom—indeed, all the forces of those old political fiends, State's Rights and Secession, incited by hate and revenge, and marshaled by Davis—are again, as prior to 1861, openly, by seditious utterances, laboring to "fire the proud Southern blood" and precipitate anew the appalling slaughter, crime, and misery for another rebellion for the enslavement of the masses! Their yell, "the old rebel yell," gives out no uncertain sound! Impunity in treason has revived their old audacity, and another fearful crisis is upon the nation! Will the loyal masses, Democratic and Republican, be warned in time? Let them be up and doing if they would shield themselves and country from the horrors of civil strife, or bankruptcy and beggary through the conquest of the Republic by the success of the Democracy! This is a question of greater importance than Greenbacks or gold.

The Volume of Currency.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* writes for information. The *Gazette*, in an editorial, asserted that there is nearly $50,000,000 more currency in the country now than in 1865. The correspondent wanted to see the assertion demonstrated by some "plain, convincing proof," and the *Gazette* cheerfully complied with his request. To be explicit, says the *Gazette*, we will give our correspondent two sets of figures, one from the Comptroller of the Currency and the other from the Secretary of the Treasury. On page 28 of the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency we have the detailed figures, showing that of all kinds of currency, legal tender notes, old demand notes, fractional currency, and notes of national banks, including gold notes, there were issued, and presumably in circulation, August 31, 1865, $635,-719,266. December 31, 1877, these amounted to $690,078,729, showing an increase of $54,359,463 in 1877 as compared with 1865,—the supposed high tide of currency circulated. In 1865, however, the gold value of $100 in currency was only $69.32, while now it is $99.50,—or 30 per cent. more. If this increase of purchasing power were considered, the value of the existing volume of currency for all purposes of business would be over $200,000,000 in excess of that of 1865. These are important facts, and cannot be too fully considered. And this takes no account of coin, of which the volume is much larger now than in 1865. Our Greenback friends, however, wish all and singular included. This we do in the following, giving the total currency, and certain interest bearing notes, which were not currency in 1865 and 1878:

	1865.	1878.
State Bank circulation	$142,919,638	$ 426,504
National Bank circulation	146,137,860	324,514,284
Demand Notes	472,603	62,257
Legal Tender Notes	432,687,966	346,681,016
One and two year notes of 1863	42,338,710	90,485
Compound Interest Notes	193,756,080	274,920
Fractional Currency	25,005,828	16,547,768
Total	$983,318,685	$688,597,234

These figures show an apparent excess in 1865 of nearly $300,000,000, but they include compound interest notes, which were not a circulating medium, any more than bonds now are, and which alone would nearly account for this excess. Then the gold and silver now in the Treasury, the certificates from which and its payment on interest account make more of a circulating medium now than were compound interest notes in 1865, are not included in the statement. These would make $100,-000,000 in favor of 1878—as in 1865 gold was in small supply. Take into account the 30 per cent. difference in value in State bank notes, greenbacks and national bank notes in 1865 and 1878, and we will account for a difference in value of nearly $200,000,000. Thus the volume of currency in actual circulation in 1878 is undoubtedly in excess of that of 1865. At that time the State bank notes were going out of circulation, and were retired in less than one year to the extent of $123,000,000. With these facts and figures we have the following showing: An apparent excess in 1865 over 1878 of $295,000,000. Against which we put compound interest notes not in circulation as currency, but held for interest, $193,000,000; State bank notes in process of retirement, $123,-000,000; difference in value of national and legal tender notes, which represents a difference in actual volume, $170,000,000. These figures are based on the actual facts, aggregate $486,000,000—leaving an increase of actual circulation in 1878, as compared with 1865, of $200,000,000. These figures tally with those of the Comptroller of the Currency in final results. Of their correctness none can doubt, and of the propriety of the views we take of them, none can doubt. In this we make no account of our gold and silver, of which we have $200,000,000.

Campaign News.

Through the efforts of the Republican Congressional Committee arrangements have been perfected with the several executive departments to allow voters from the several States the usual leave of absence to enable them to go home and vote at the fall elections. The committee are also in correspondence with the railroad managers of the country with a view to obtaining a commutation in the rates of transportation, which will be extended to all government employes who desire to go to their homes for the purpose of voting.

The contributions have been peculiarly gratifying, the amount subscribed to date being considerably in excess of the total collections for the campaign of 1876, and amounts are still coming in daily. The work accomplished thus far in the way of sending out documents and campaign matter has been large, and is still being vigorously prosecuted. The committee have late advices of the progress of the campaign in various sections of the country, will find the full strength of the party well organized for the struggle.

Exit Theodore.

The Greenbackers of Clinton county are not pleased with their nominee for Congress. At their convention week before last they nominated T. P. Rynder, Esq., but they considered it a "burlesque upon the party," after due consideration. Just one week after the day of the convention, the Executive Committee met in solemn conclave and passed the following:

> *Whereas*, A resolution recommending T. P. Rynder as a candidate for Congress was offered at the convention of the National Greenback-Labor party of Clinton county, held on the 15th of August, and the passage of which resolution was procured by fraud and acted upon thoughtlessly and without consideration, and the passage of which was a burlesque upon the party; and whereas, such resolution was out of order, being presented after a motion to adjourn was before the convention, therefore,
> *Resolved*, That the adoption of said resolution was informal, out of order, and void.

A LARGE number of men employed in the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad shops quit work on Saturday because of a proposed reduction of wages. Saturday evening a meeting was held, and it was agreed to accept the proposed reduction rather that have no work. To their surprise on Monday morning, the shop doors were locked against them, and a notice posted on the door to the effect that those who withdrew from service on Saturday are hereby notified that the company is not disposed to furnish them with employment until further notice, nor until such time as a mutual understanding shall be had.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, the mother of King Alfonso, of Spain, received a letter from the young monarch asking her permission to sell certain valuable jewels, the proceeds to aid him in building a magnificent monument over the remains of his wife, the late Queen Mercedes. She consented, closing her reply in the following touching manner: "For this and everything count always, Alphonse, on the immense love, the support and co-operation of your mother, who wishes it to be known that, although at a distance, she is and always will be the same for Madrid, for Spain, and for her king."

THE American *Stationer* says "brighter trade prospects throughout the country are generally reported. The omen comes from East and West, North and South. Even the most skeptical are forced to admit that the outlook has improved and that the rest from political and other distractions which is now being taken has greatly refreshed the business spirit and helped the forward movement of trade. The elections to occur this fall are not expected to upset this feeling, and for several months yet the community can push forward in counter-balancing past disasters."

A POLL of the prisoners in the Clarion jail was made recently, and resulted:—Greenbackers, 13; Republicans, 1; Democrats, 0. Two of the latter party, however, made their escape a few days previous. According to this showing the "grand army" of Greenbackers which Mason will lead to the polls next fall will be composed principally of criminals. A nice band of reformers.

THE Republicans of Schuylkill refused to "jine" the Greenbackers, and have nominated Mr. Howell Fisher, of Pottsville, for Congress.

LUZERNE, Hoyt's county, will astonish the natives next November by polling a heavy Republican vote.

Additional Local Matters.

—The Court House dome is being repaired. A new roof will be put on.

—Mr. L. T. Eddy, of Milesburg, has just recovered of an attack of erysipelas on his face.

—Co. B., 5th Regiment N. G., will hold a grand military ball at their armory on Friday evening, September 6th.

—Rev. R. Crittenden preached in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning. No services were held in the evening.

—Rev. Whitney, stationed in Penn's Valley, assisted in the service of the M. E. church of this place last Sunday evening.

—Mr. Frank Cessna, one of Bellefont's lively boys, paid Philipsburg a flying visiting last Saturday and remained over Sunday.

—Phreddy Kurtz wants a candidates' pic-nic on the mountain at Centre Hall. If that scheme were put in force, there wouldn't be a Democrat at home on that day.

—Rev. Samuel E. Furst, of Salona, will preach in the Lutheran church of this place next Sunday morning and evening, and at Pleasant Gap at three o'clock P. M. of same day.

—Theodore Deschner, the gun man, has just received a stock of single and double breech-loadingguns and revolvers, to which he invites sportsmen and other to examine. He appears in to-day's REPUBLICAN with a new advertisement. Read it.

—Private and public advices from Wayne assure us that the present camp meeting is one of the best ever held on the grounds. Less Sunday desecration has occurred, which, of itself, will prove a great help towards spiritual success.

—George D. Pifer, of Howard, returned last week from the west. He left in March last and traveled through Kansas, New Mexico and Texas. While in the latter State he contracted fever and ague, and was compelled to come home.

—The Promenade Concert of the Undine Hose Company did not come off last Saturday night, put was postponed until next Saturday evening. The Mountain City Band, with new instruments, will be present, and a piano will be performed upon by some of our best musicians. Admission free.

—Town Council has granted the request of Logan Hose Company, and agreed to give them $100 additional appropriation. This action will insure the success of the company, and the boys promise to run the organization on a different plan. Everything will be put in the best shape.

—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Veteran Club of Centre county was held at the office of the Secretary last Thursday evening, Aug. 22, 1878, a quorum being in attendance. Saturday, September 7, 1878, was fixed for the date of the annual reunion and basket pic-nic, and Pine Grove Mills as the place, agreeable to resolution of last year. Gen. Beaver, Maj. Cheesman and D. S. Keller were appointed a committee on invitations.

—Madam Theirs is making extraordinary preparation for the commemorative services in Notre Dame Cathedral on the anniversary of her husband's death. The proceedings will be of an exceptional character. The immense aisles of the cathedral are to be entirely hung with brack draperies. Select choirs will execute several pieces of funeral music; and all the departments which have at any time elected the great statesman as their representative will send delegates to be present on that occasion. The Madam's commemorative services would not be palatable to French people unless she gives a grand *fete*. To do this she must get her groceries of Sechler & Co., who keep the best in the universe.

—An opinion was recently given by Chancellor Saulsbury, of Delaware, that will be of interest to our Methodist friends. A stockholder in the Rehborha, Camp-meeting Association asked for an injunction to restrain a a hotel keeper at that place from allowing dancing, card-playing, etc., to take place on the premises, as it was contrary to the discipline of the Methodist church, and because of that, a violation of the charter of the place. The Chancellor declared emphatically that dancing was in violation of the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal church, and that argument to the contrary would be useless. On that ground he was prepared to issue the desired injunction, but as the question of jurisdiction was raised, he reserved his decision.

The Iron Trade.

Bellefonte and vicinity being deeply interested in the iron business, the following opinion from the *Iron Age*, of Pittsburg, will be read with delight by those engaged in the trade or employed in the works. "The most important matter we have to notice," it says, "is a very decided improvement in the iron business, and a better and more hopeful feeling prevails in consequence. It has been apparent to those familiar with the iron trade for some time past that the market, both for the raw article and the products as well, had touched hard pan, but for a time it was impossible to get jobbers and consumers to realize it; they had been disappointed so many times within the past five years that some of them had begun to think there was no bottom to it. During the past week, however, a number of large orders were placed for finished irons, and this in turn has stimulated the demand for the raw article, holders of which are now refusing to sell at figures current ten days ago. We predicted not long since that there would be a change some day, unexpectedly, and our prediction has been realized; the very decided improvement has all occurred within a few days, and at a time when least looked for. While a number of additional failures have taken place during the week, no new ones have occurred in iron circles, and it is believed there will be no more. No other branch of business here in Pittsburg has felt the effects of the panic so keenly, and it is hoped, now that a reaction has set in, that it will continue for a generation, at least, as another siege such as we have had since September, 1873, is by no means desirable. There has been a wonderful change in affairs during the time in question. Men who, prior to the panic, lived on the best the land would afford, are now bankrupt, and cannot pay one cent on the dollar of their liabilities."

Death of a Hermit.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* announces the death of Matthew Thompson, an eccentric character, who lived the life of a hermit in a dilapidated house on Water street, in that city. About twenty years ago, says the *Democrat*, his wife died, since which time he has lived alone there in poverty and dirt. His wife is spoken of as an estimable, industrious woman. She bore him three sons, who are said to be fine men. One lives at Julian Furnace, Centre county, a merchant well-to-do. Another keeps a drug store somewhere in Ohio, and another has just graduated for the medical profession. They were all in attendance at the funeral, greatly to their credit. Their persuasions could never call the father from his miserable life, nor would the offers of a wealthy brother, near the State College, be accepted for him to go there and live, but he was often the recipient of their kindness and affection. During his wife's life, Thompson was supported mainly by her efforts. She was an excellent milliner. After her death he lived a life of idleness and solitude, tilling his little patch of ground and keeping within his rickety old shell most of the time. Many stories are told of his eccentricities. He was fond of "air baths," and would go naked most of the time, sometimes forgetting to put on his coverings when he came out for milk. The story is told that an incensed elderly matron once switched him in, and broke up his outward exposures. He was very fond of bathing, and would dip into the river regularly early in the morning. He was utterly worthless, and his life was completely wasted. He was aged 73.

The S. S. Convention at Howard.

The Sunday School Convention at Howard, last Friday, was an enjoyable and memorable occasion. At the appointed time, Austin Curtin, President of the Centre county Sunday School Association, called the Convention to order. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, reading scripture, and the discussion of topics, introduced by persons appointed by the President, followed by short addresses by others who were present. Three sessions were held, morning, afternoon and evening. The citizens of Howard and vicinity showed their appreciation of the Convention by filling up the commodious M. E. church at every session. The singing led by Rev. A. R. Cronce was spirited and of a high order. The choirs of both churches of Howard united in this exercises, Miss Ella Smith presiding at the organ. Six denominations were represented by twelve ministers, as follows: Church of Messiah, Rev. J. Zeigler, Milesburg; Reformed, Geo. P. Hartzell, Walker Christian, Chas. E. Long, Lock Haven; Presbyterian, R. Crittenden, Bellefonte and A. M. Sale, Athens, Ga.; United Brethren, John L. Baker, Glendale Pa., and W. H. Mattern, Milesburg; Methodist Episcopal, A.

D. Yocum, Bellefonte, J. B. Graham, Beech Creek, W. M. Spoor, Oriole, Pa., A. R. Cronce, Howard, J. Benson Akers, Howard.

There were 10 Sunday School Superintendents present, as follows: Prof. F. W. Wetzel, H. L. Harvey, Alfred Nicholls, A. S. Tipton, J. Kiefer Leathers, James Barthurst, David B. Shank, Christian Holter, Reuben Fletcher and J. W. McClintic.

About 14 schools were represented either by their superintendents or delegates. Miss Puella E. Dornblazer; of Clinton county, read an essay on Sunday School Work, at the morning session, and in the evening she gave a recitation of "The Burial of Moses." At the close of the evening session Mr. C. L. Long asked that a Convention be held at the Christian church, at Eagleville. He also offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this institute be, and they hereby tendered to Bro. Austin Curtin for the efficiency with which he has presided over our deliberations; also to Bro Akers and his congregation for the use of their house, and to the good citizens of Howard for their kindness and hospitality.

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention be, and they are hereby tendered to Miss Puella E. Dornblazer for her essay and admirable recitation of "The Burial of Moses."

Resolved, That we recognize ladies as efficient workers in the temperance and Sunday school work, and that our hearty sympathies and assistance should be given them in their works.

The interest taken by the citizens and children in the convention is a good omen of future suucess. Mr. Curtin handled the convention with admirable tact, giving full assurance of being "the right man in the right place." SPECTATOR.

—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bald Eagle Valley railroad company, held in Philadelphia August 21st, Edmund Blanchard, Esq., of this place, was elected Secretary and Treasurer, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Hon Wm. P. Wilson. We are glad to hear that our fellow-townsman, Mr. Blanchard, has been honored with this important trust, and we doubt not as to his ability to perform the duties of the office intelligently and successfully.

—Harry Kline's horse won the race last Saturday.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

BELLEFONTE, August 26, 1878.

In selecting candidates for Commissioners, it becomes more apparent, from time to time, that industrious, intelligent and successful farmers are more adapted and are more acceptable to the real tax-payers of our county than any other class of men. In view of this fact, the friends of progress and economy, will present the name of Captain George M. Boal, of Potter township, as a candidate for Commissioner, before the ensuing Republican Convention of Centre county. Mr. Boal is well known to the people of Pennsvalley and enjoys their confidence. He is a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence. He is a successful farmer, without doubt, and one of the very best men named for that important office. Let every Republican of the county rally to his support and success awaits us.

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How the Cat is Likely to Hop.

———, Centre Co.

MR. EDITOR:—Our postmaster having deserted the Republican party, and given his name to the National-Greenback-Labor Club, a change of postmasters is now among the possibilities. We have a faithful Republican here who is willing to serve his country in that way, and it is possible that he may now quietly avail himself of the apparent opportunity to make a few "greenbacks" without joining the new party.

REPUBLICAN.

Co-Operation in Producing and Manufacturing.

There can be no great degree of prosperity in any country where the greater portion of the people are engaged in any one system of industrial operations to the exclusion of others. England has less prosperity because of her necessity to largely purchase her provisions and raw materials or provisions at low prices and having to purchase manufactures at a high price. To be the most prosperous, the raw material and provisions should largely be consumed on the ground where produced, and only the high cost products exported.

The South should manufacture her cotton and wool and hemp and jute, refine her sugar and raise her provisions, as well as raw material. The West should have one-half her energies in manufacturing industries to consume her raw material, and that naturally passing by her and also to consume largely of her provisions, and increase the value of her lands and save transportation. Any nation or any portion of a nation should, after raising food, raise what they can manufacture upon their own territory to advantage.

THE new State five per cent. loan is selling in Philadelphia at 112 and steadily advancing.

ELIZA PINKSTON still worries Democratic organs. Eliza is a brick.

WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26, '78.

The *National Republican* seems to speak *ex cathedra* of the Mexican business. It gives the following as the basis of the policy agreed on in Cabinet Meeting. All raiders are to be pursued till captured and punished if that *desideratum* is possible to the small military force available for the protection of our Southern frontier. Battle will neither be offered nor declined and the right of self-defense is inculcated. Our soldiers will remain on Mexican soil no longer than is absolutely necessary to accomplish the one object of their invasion, to wit: the suppression of further marauding. No collision with Mexican troops south of the Rio Grande in pursuance of this object will necessary constitute a *causus belli*; but the crossing of that stream by the latter with hostile intent will very likely be deemed such. Any offense to the Mexican Government in the conclusions arrived at as above enumerated, is disavowed the only pupose being the protection of our citizens in their rights of life and property. Finally the attention of Congress is to be called to the matter in all its bearings so soon as it shall have convened in December. Notwithstanding the reassuring words and manner of the Mexican Minister, the prevalent feeling unaccompanied by much excitement, is that long years of continued provocation on the one side and of remonstrance on the other, is about to eventuate in war or a strict observance of her international duties by Mexico toward us hereafter.

The occasional recurrence of pestilences like that now deciminating southern cities and grimly stalking up the Mississippi to find new centres of radiation in the filthy towns along its bluffs, has reduced us to the necessity of abandoning the old theory of retributive visitations of Providence in the most remorseless mood, if we would be consistent in the hygienic measures now almost exclusively relied on by intellectual communities to wholly prevent or largely mitigate their ravages. Modern research has been fatal to the supernatural origin to which all such natural phenomena were once—not very long ago either—attributed. The priest and religious teachers who now rely on days of fasting and penance to stay the progress of such scourges as yellow fever, find the more intelligent of their flocks disposed to couple their recommendations with the use of the hoe and shovel, copious libations of water and approved disinfectants. Very few believe that yellow fever would have been known in New Orleans this season had it been subjected to such a purgation as that by which Butler drove it from its lurking place in 1862 and 1863. The sense of comparative immunity and confidence now observed is in marked contrast with the apathetic dread and wide-spread consternation that accompanied the invasion of epidemics when they were regarded as the ministers of divine wrath that would search us out though we were to hide in the bowels of the earth or in the depths of the seas; and any means to check their course by agencies other than those mentioned were denounced as in the highest degree presumptious and impious, nothing short, indeed, of taking up arms against the Deity.

The crude unassimilated stuff that invited witnesses have brought before Hewitt's Committee to aid it in getting down to the causes underlying the five years of business prostration and financial distress from which the country seems slowly emerging, isn't one whit ahead of that contributed by "Citizen Schwab" and those of that ilk who volunteered their invaluable advice without money or price. While Kearney's nasty billingsgate ruffian nature that would make him the vilest of criminals were his courage equal to the promptings of his beastly instincts, have proved so revolting that most of his hearers have turned from him with a feeling of positive abhorence and detestation, his success in getting himself before the public seems to have fired the ambition of thousands in the same direction. They seem about as competent to solve abstruse social and economic proplems as the crowd Thurman is pandering to is to mend our finances; as such and opportunity as wise Hewitt has offered them to get into the papers has been seized with audity.

So far Butler and Potter have the testimony of the most unscrupulous liars of the 19th century and that of a lunatic upon which to justify Hayes' forcible eviction from the White House and Tilden's installation. The most bitter enemy of that Committee couldn't have invented a way more certain than that which has been pursued to sink it fathoms deep with the load of public contempt and derision its managers have earned. LEO.

Crossing the River.

GALVESTON, August 19.—The following is a statement of the recent movement of the troops: On the night of the 16th Colonel Young, with two battalions of cavalry, crossed the Rio Grande, surrounded Newtown early in the morning, and charged the town for the purpose of capturing the notorious stock thief, Ariola, but he had fled, riding off bareback, without clothes or arms. The alcalda of Newtown was interviewed and induced to accompany Colonel Young to this side of the river, when he stated that Ariola stole cattle from Texas for a living, taking the stolen stock to Mexico, where he sold it, regular Mexican troops being purchasers, the Mexican officers knowing the stock to be stolen. The Alcalde also gave information implicating high Mexican officials in robberies. Owing to high water part of Mackenzie's force failed to cross, and the trail of the stolen stock being obliterated, Colonel Young's command was forced to return. Some Mexican troops arrived at Newtown from the direction of Pedras Negras on the 17th, but made no demonstration against the American troops.

State News.

Test wells are being sunk in Cambria county by oil operators.

Berks county school teachers are being reduced to $23 per month.

The hemp crop will be very large in the Lehigh and Sckuylkill valleys.

A step-mother in Lancaster city threw a quantity of vitrol into the face of her step son.

Two Pittsburg girls out driving killed a rattlesnake four feet long, bearing thirteen rattles.

The 15th Regiment Pennsylvania N. G., will encamp near Kittanning some time in September.

Post Office changes during the week ending August 24th in Pennsylvania: Established—Gowen City, Northumberland county, Charles B. Boyer, P. M.; Stone, Allegheny county, Peter Spielman, P. M. Name changed—Kessler's, Northampton county, to Alamanda.

Six prisoners escaped from the jail at Chambersburg on Friday. They were committed for various petty crimes.

John H. Reilly, a tax collector of Cass township, Schuylkill county, has been arrested for forging names to his official bond.

The Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias, in session at Lancaster last week, adjourned on Saturday, to meet at York on August 24, 1879.

Samuel Harper, a heavy real estate owner and prominent citizen of Annville, near Lebanon, was on Saturday sentenced to twenty months' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary for arson.

The banking firm of J. O. Kimmel & Sons, Somerset, made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors on Friday morning to H. S. Baer and John G. Ogle, Esqs. Very little confidence has been placed in the bank for some time past.

Mayor Barnsdall, of Titusville, is engaged in forming a co-operation union for the purpose of testing the surrounding region by sinking oil wells in different localities. His plan is to allow a limited number to invest their money, labor or material on an equal basis, as the company shall regulate or agree. Already carpenters, teamsters and drillers have signified a willingness to enter into such an arrangement.

In the summer of 1872 the population of Bradford, McKean county, was about 200. It is now estimated at 10,000 or 2,000 more than the entire county six years ago. At that time there were but two railroads in the county; now there are seven. Four of these have been built in the last twelve years. In 1872 the production of oil in the county was not a barrel; now it is twenty-two thousand barrels daily, or more than one-half of all the oil produced in America.

Foreign News.

A revolution has broken out in San Domingo.

Thirty-five Turkish battalions have joined the insurgents in Bosnia.

Sickness among the Russian troops north of the Balkans is increasing.

The Servian Minister of Finance is negotiating for a loan of 24,000,000 francs.

The Austrian army of occupation under Gen. Zapary was defeated near Tuzla.

The Oldham weavers have accepted the five per cent. reduction of wages demanded by the masters.

READING NOTICES.

A Pen Picture.

A few months, or even weeks, since, her palid countenance was the very type of ruddy health—the delight of the school and the pride of the household. She was always welcome wherever duty or pleasure led her. Diligent, punctual and exemplary, in the class-room, obedient and loving at home, she won the hearts of all. But alas! those glowing cheeks and lips are now blanched by consumption. The voice once so enchanting in laugh and song is feeble, husky and broken by a hollow cough. Let us approach her couch and gently take her bloodless hand in our own. Do not shudder because of its feeble passionless grasp. The hand once so warm and plump shows its bony outlines, while the cords and tortuous veins are plainly mapped upon its surface. The pulse that bounded with repletion, imparting beauty, vivacity, health and strength, to the system, is delicate to the touch. The enervated heart feebly propels the thin, scanty blood. Must we lose her while yet so young and so fair? No. There is relief. But something more is required than the observance of hygienic rules, for enfeebled nature calls for aid and she must have it. Administer this pleasant medicine. It is invigorating. It allays the irritable cough, improves the appetite and digestion, and sends a healthy tingle through her whole being. The blood is enriched, nervous power increased, and the heart bounds with a new impulse. Her face brightens—the blood is returning, her voice is clearer, and her requests are no longer delivered in that peevish, fretful tone so deadening to sympathy. Her step is still faltering, but strength is rapidly returning. Let us take her out in the warm, life-giving sunshine. In a few weeks she will go without our aid and be able to join her companions in their pleasant pastimes and feel her whole being "warmed and expanded into perfect life." The change is so great that we think she is sweeter and nobler than ever before. All the medicine which has wrought this transformation, we look upon as a blessing to humanity, for there are other loved ones to be rescued from the grasp of the insidious destroyer. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has raised her. It will raise others.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a single vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, and also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaits, after having tested its wonderful curative properties in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French and English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, New York. 32-4t

Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Makes the skin Soft, Clear, Pure, White and Healthy! Is cleansing, deoderising, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, ulcers, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles where nothing else will have any effect; is free from all offensive odor, and prevents Contagious Diseases, and as an external medical and toilet preparation it has no equal. Price, 25 cts.; by mail, 35 cts. Box, 3 cakes, 60 cts.; by mail, 75 cts. Sold by druggists. E. S. WEBSTER, proprietor. Office, 50 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Wholesale Depot, N. Third St., Phila., Pa. 9 28eow-1y

DRUNKEN STUFF.—How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of hops, buchu, mandrake, dandelion, etc., which is so pure, simple and harmless that the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child can trust in them. Will you be saved by them? See other column. 33-2t

THE FACT OF THE BUSINESS IS that Sulphur Baths have become unnecessary since the introduction of GLENN' SULPHUR SOAP, because that articles answers the same purpose, viz: the removal of eruptions, rheumatism, and gout. Sold by all druggists. HILL'S HAIR & WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c. 31 4t

New Advertisements.

GUNS! GUNS!

The public are respectfully informed that I have just received a very choice stock of

SINGLE AND DOUBLE

BREECH LOADING

SHOT GUNS

AND

REVOLVERS,

which I cordially invite sportingmen to inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

Breech-loading double guns	$24 to $50
Breech-loading single guns	12 to 15
Breech-loading double guns, rifle and shot, convertible into double shot guns, just the guns for this locality	$60 to $65
Muzzle-loading double shot guns, fine twist, patent breech, with powder flask and shot pouch—a bargain	$14 00
Single muzzle-loading rifles	$11 to $20
Double guns, rifle and shot	$24 to $30
Single shot guns	$3 to $9
Dittmarr's new powder per can	$1
Shot per pound	10 cts
Dupont's powder per pound	40cts to $1

Cartridges and all kinds of sporting goods at lowest market prices at

THEO. DESCHNER'S GUN SHOP,

HIGH STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA. 34-tf

WHEREAS, previous to the opening of the Street thirty-two and one-half feet wide, along the North side of the Bellefonte and Snow Shoe Railroad, and between the said railroad and the coal yard lot recently owned by Shortlidge & Co., a lateral branch or siding had been constructed from said railroad to the coal and grain wharf of said Shortlidge & Co. (now owned by Lawrence L. Brown), in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., and the said street now intersects or crosses said branch or siding, therefore,

Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Bellefonte, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that the said Lawrence L. Brown, his hefrs and assigns, have the right and shall continue so long as he or they see proper to use and occupy the said branch over and across the said street or highway, at the point aforesaid, and that this action of the Burgess and Town Council aforesaid is directed to be entered upon the minutes and a certified copy furnished the said Lawrence L. Brown.

Provided that the said Lawrence L. Brown, his heirs or assigns, are to have the right to use the crossing of said street as heretofore used for the purposes of said lateral branch railroad in such a way as to in no wise obstruct the same, and subject to the right of the Borough of Bellefonte to alter or regualte the grade of said street, and in case of any change made in the grade of said street at any time by the proper authorities, the said Brown, his heirs or assigns, must make the crossing of said lateral branch railroad conform to the grade of said street so altered or changed at his and their own expenses.

Ordained and enacted into an ordinance this nineteenth day of August, A. D. 1878.

Attest: GEO. H. WEAVER, Chief Burgess.
ISAAC MITCHELL, Clerk. 34-4t

New Advertisements.

TO ADVERTISERS.

George P. Rowell & Co.'s

SELECT LIST

—OF—

LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

Many persons suppose this list to be composed of Cheap, low-priced newspapers. The fact is quite otherwise. The Catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST paper in the place. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. When printed in roman letters it is neither the best nor the only paper, but is usually a very good one, notwithstanding. The list gives the population of every town, and the circulation of every paper. It is not a CO-OPERATIVE LIST. It is not a CHEAP LIST. At the foot of the catalogue for each State the important towns which are not covered by the list are enumerated. It is an HONEST LIST. The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publisher's schedule. The price for one inch four weeks in the entire list is $635. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $3,136 35. The list includes 970 newspapers, of which 163 are issued daily and 807 weekly. They are located in 825 different cities and towns, of which 22 are State Capitals, 328 places of over 5,000 population, and 444 County Seats. Lists sent on application. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., (Printing House Square,) New York. 10 33 1y

Grace's Celebrated Salve.

A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

PREPARED BY

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS,

85 HARRISON AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE

Is a Vegetable Preparation

invented in the 17th century by Dr. William Grace, Surgeon in King James' army. Through its agency he cured thousands of the most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

Price 25 Cents a Box.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE

CURES

flesh wounds,	frozen limbs,	salt rheum,	chilblains,
sore breast,	sore lips,	erysipelas,	ringworms,
scald head,	chapped hands,	burns,	cancers,
felons,	sores,	ulcers,	scalds,
stings,	shingles,	wounds,	wens,
sties,	festers,	abcess,	freckles,
piles,	sprains,	boils,	bunions,
whitlows,	bites,	cuts,	tan,
warts,	blisters,	corns,	scurvy,
pimples,	itch,	ingrowing nails,	nettle rash,
mosquito and flea bites,	spider stings,		

And all cutaneous diseases and eruptions generally.

For sale by all druggists, grocers, and at all country stores throughout the United States and British Provinces. Price by mail 30 cents. 10-33-1y

PROVERBS.

"No one can be sick when the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are healthy, and Hop Bitters keep them so.'

"The greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and curative on earth—Hop Bitters.

"It is impossible to remain long sick or long out of health, where Hop Bitters are used."

"Why do Hop Bitters cure so much?" "Because they give good digestion, rich blood and healthy action of all the organs."

"No matter what your feelings or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good."

"Remember, Hop Bitters never does harm but good, always and continually."

"Purify the blood, cleanse the stomach and sweeten the breath with Hop Bitters."

"Quiet nerves and balmy sleep in Hop Bitters."

"No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters."

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

For sale by F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa. 33-4t

EXECUTOR'S SALE.—In pursuance of the powers vested in me by the last will and testament of Philip Sheneberger, late of Harris township, deceased, I will offer for sale at public outcry, on Saturday, Sept. 14, 1878, at Boalsburg, Pa., the following described valuable real estate: No. 1, A house, stable and lot, of about 5 acres, situated within a mile of Boalsburg, adjoining lands of Brisbin's heirs and the estate of the late John Keller, deceased. Good fruit on the premises and water convenient. No. 2, A lot of about 5¼ acres, near Boalsburg, adjoining lands of Israel Condo and Martin Grove; an excellent Lime Kiln, with lime houses, etc., thereon, and the facilities for obtaining lime stone are first-class.

Also, at the same time and place, I will sell eight (8) shares of stock of the "Bellefonte and Boalsburg Turnpike Company." Four (4) shares of stock in the "Baker Silver Mining Company, of Colorado."

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. Sale to begin at 2 o'clock P. M., where terms will be made known by

DAVID KELLER,
32-4t Surviving Executor.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of William P. Wilson, late of the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, deceased, have been granted to the subscribers. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same without delay to

JOHN IRWIN, JR.,
and
MARGARET H. WILSON,
Bellefonte, Pa. 32-4t Executors.

SPECIAL OFFERS FOR

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

We publish a book of 112 pages 8 Vo. (no advertising) giving special offers for advertising all over the country. Prices lower than ever offered before. The last edition sent post-paid on the receipt of 25 cents by DAUCHY & CO., Printers' Warehouse and Advertisement Agency 191 Fulton street, N. Y. 34-4w

PIANOS Retail price $1000 only $275. *Parlor Organs*, price $340 only $95. Paper free. D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 34 4t

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby notified not to purchase any views of Bellefonte copied by photograph from our sketch, or in any way deal or traffic in them, or they will be dealt with according to law.

33 3t C. J. CORBIN & CO.

REVOLVER FREE Seven-shot Revolver with box cartridges. Address J. Bown & Son, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 31-4t

New Advertisements.

THOROUGH EDUCATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

LAKE ERIE SEMINARY,

PAINESVILLE, Ohio,

On the Mt. Holyoke Plan.

A very healthful location, beautiful surroundings, greatly improved and enlarged buildings and apparatus. Offers to young ladies all the advantages of a Christian Home, with thorough course of instruction in the Higher Branches of Education.

TERMS, $170 PER YEAR.

Including board and tuition, fuel, lights and lectures, instruction in French and German, use of Library, Periodicals, &c.

For Catalogue, with *full information*, address the Principal. 29 2m

PATENTS

OBTAINED for Inventors, in the United States, Canada, and Europe, at reduced rates. With our principal Office located in Washington, directly opposite the United States Patent Office, we are able to attend to all Patent Business with greater promptness and despatch and less cost, than other patent attorneys, who are at a distance from Washington, and who have, therefore, to employ "associate attorneys." We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and Patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents and other valuable matter. We refer to the German-American National Bank, Washington, D.C.; the Royal Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Legations, at Washington; Hon. Joseph Casey, late Chief Justice U. S. Court of Claims; to the Officials of the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Members of Congress from every State.

Address, LOUIS BAGGER & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C. 17-4f

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 25th judicial district, consisting of the Counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Hon. Samuel Frank and the Hon. John Divens, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date, 1st day of August, A. D., 1878, to me directed, for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the peace in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre, and to commence on the third Monday of August next, being the 19 day of August, 1878, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Alderman and Constables of said County of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1878, and in the one hundred and second year of the independence of the United States.

LEVI W. MUNSON,
31-4t Sheriff.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have this day bought at Sheriff's sale (held on the premises) all of the personal property of Samuel Boal, consisting of 4 horses, 6 hogs, cultivators, plows, harness, wagon, two-thirds of all the grain and hay in the barn and corn in the ground, all of which we have loaned to him and left in his possession subject to our pleasure. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the same.

no-32-3t S. & A. LOEB.

DR. J. D. GEISSINGER,

DENTIST.

A graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia, has permanently located in Bellefonte, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, including the treatment of diseases of the mouth.

Office: Second floor, Furst's building, North side of Court House. 10-31-tf

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from one to twelve weeks may be restored to sound health if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine. 33 4t

SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER. The only combination of the true Jamaica Ginger with choice Aromatics and French Brandy for Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cramps and Pains, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Want of Tone and Activity, in the stomach and bowels, and avoiding the dangers of Change of Water, Food and Climate. Ask for SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER 34 4t

Do you want to make some money?

If so, here is a chance. Competent Agents Male or Female wanted to sell the **Rotary Seive.** The most Convenient Article for domestic use, for the purpose designed, ever invented. Its scoops, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice etc.

Over 1000 Agents are now engaged in selling them in the west. Territory is eagerly taken wherever offered, so apply early. For particulars address, C. M. WHITE,
Gen. Agt. West Penn'a. Pittsburg, Pa.
10-27.

FARM FOR SALE.—We offer for sale a farm in Marion township, containing three hundred and eighty-eight acres, about fifty acres cleared a good house and barn, wash house and other necessary buildings on the place, also good water and a large assortment of fine fruit trees. This is a good opportunity for anyone wanting a good home. Terms to suit purchaser. Price $3,500. Apply to

EDWARD T. TUTEN,
10 9-4f REPUBLICAN office.
Bellefonte, Feb. 23, 1878.

PROPOSALS.—Sealed proposals will be received until August 14th, by Spring township School Board for building a frame School House, on the farm of Seth Yocum. Specifications and plans may be seen at the house of P. N. Barnhart, Secretary. The lowest and best bidder to receive the award. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board,
P. N. BARNHART,
31-6t Secretary.

NOW READY! The Grand Achevements of **STANLEY** AND OTHER AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

A full history of his explorations in Africa and marvellous journey down the Congo. The public are eagerly awaiting this book. It is of matchless interest, richly illustrated, low priced and will sell without a parallel. For full description and terms, address 31 4

HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 733 Sansom St., Phila. Agts Wanted

PIANO Beautiful Concert Grand Pianos price $1,600 only $425. Superb Grand Square Pianos, price $1,100 only $255. Elegant Upright Pianos, price $800 only $155. New Style Upright Pianos $112,50 Organs $35. Organs 12 stops $72.50. Church Organs, 16 Stops price $290 only $115 Elegant $375 Mirror Top Organs, only $105. Buyers come and see me at home if I am not as represented, R. R. Fare paid both ways and a Piano or Organ given Free. Large Illst. Newspaper with much information about cost of Pianos and Organs sent free. Please address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J. **ORGAN**
31 4t.

WHY GO WEST? Send for Delaware Farm Catalogue and Maps. J. F. MANCHA, Dover, Del.

Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Farm and Fireside.

Model Farm.

A visit to the farm of E. C. Humes, Esq., which touches the southeastern boundary of our borough, develops the fact that he is quite as successful in farming as he is and has been in other business enterprises. This farm was purchased within the last twenty years from 'Squire Van Dyke, a former citizen of this borough. At that time it was in a rude state of cultivation—covered with large rocks, unsightly clumps of bushes and fences skirted with bushes and other objectionable undergrowth, all of which has disappearedbefore the steady and frugal step of the modern husbandman. Every item on or about this farm denotes thrift. The growing crops are most prosperous, the most notable of which is the corn, a careful inspection of which developes the fact that a full average crop will be harvested from a field of twenty-five acres, notwithstanding the prospects for a reasonable average throughout the county are very discouraging. Mr. Humes credits his success in corn growing to good soil and thorough cultivation, and assures us that good corn cannot be grown on the best of soil without thorough cultivation. He hired extra help in hay-making to enable him to keep his cultivators at work, and the corn crop now exhibits the benefits of his foresight and sagacity. In proof of his judgment and experience, he related a fact in reference to a neighbor, who last year planted a lot of corn in most excellent soil, who did not prove to be an amateur farmer, or who at least was not aware that the growing corn required *cultivation*. The result was nearly an entire failure of the crop, there not being a matured ear in the crop, which scarcely amounted to a bushel all told. The growing clover, intended to be harvested for seed, is as promising as the corn. The hay and wheat crops housed this year yielded abundantly, the former amounting to one hundred and fifty tons and the latter about one thousand bushels—the land of the farm under cultivation only being a fraction over, one hundred acres. One of the most important features in Mr. Humes' farming is, that he does not allow the farm stock to feed upon the fields. He informs us that from a half to three-fourths of an acre of grass will keep his stock in feed by mowing it and feeding at the barn, which, if fed upon the farm, would require from ten to fifteen acres of grass. One of the principle benefits derived from this mode of feeding stock, is the prevention of tramping the soil, which,in the cultivation of lime-stone soil, (which is generally clay, easily made compact by stock treading on it,) is most important. The buildings are plain, but conveniently constructed. The barn contains all the facilities required for a modern farmer and the stable room is ample and comfortable.

Adjacent to the barn is a cheaply constructed, but a model pig pen, such a one as every farmer should have. In our judgment there is no farm stock so ruthlessly neglected, on the average, as pigs, and Mr. Humes has certainly made an advance step in the way of providing a proper house, the thrifty pigs contained therein, being the very best evidence as to the importance of taking proper care of this branch of farm stock.

The stock of cattle is small, being mostly cows of Alderny grades.

The most important and the most costly stock on the farm is the horse stock, consisting of five horses and four colts. That this much horse stock is as unnecessary as it is unprofitable on such a farm does not admit of a single doubt. Horses are expensive feeders and are now unprofitable to raise. A yoke of good oxen on that farm will do quite as much work as a pair of horses, which after a few years' use, can be made fat and sold for beef at profit. Oxen can do quite all the work of horses on the farm, except in cultivating corn and working to a mower and reaping machine. Two horses are all that can be made profitable on such a farm, and Mr. Humes is the man to make another advance step. In conclusion we would say that this farm has been brought to a state of high cultivation by thorough liming and manuring as well as thorough cultivation.

We have been informed that there has been lime burners' coal, from the Anthracite mines, delivered at Coburn and Spring Mills station, on the Lewisburg, Centre and Tyrone railroad, within the last year sufficient to burn *four* hundred thousand bushels of lime, all of which has been sold to Brush and Pennsvalley farmers.

Source of Nitrogen in Plants.

BY J. B. LAWES.

The fixed condition of one part of the food of plants and solubility of another, explain why nitrogenous manures are held in such estimation by farmers. They are not only the most active, but the most likely to be deficient in the soil, compared with the more fixed ingredients. I am disposed to think that a careful consideration of the special properties of the various manuring substances will help to explain several points in which science and practice are not altogether in agreement. One instance of such a difference may be pointed out in an ordinary wheat crop. Measured by the amount of manure ingredients removed, which may be called the scientific standard of exhaustion, the wheat crop should be the least exhausting of all crops; but practice says otherwise. A wheat crop takes up less nitrogen than any other crop, but is more especially benefitted by the application of ammoniacal manures. A root crop takes up much larger quantities of nitrogen than a wheat crop, and yet the general opinion is that phosphates rather than ammonia is the manure most adapted for its growth.

In order to explain the difference between these two crops, we must consider their peculiar habits of growth. A wheat crop commences actively growing in early spring, just after the winter rains have washed a great portion of the soluble nitrogen out of the soil. Owing to evaporation from the surface of the soil, as well as to the vast quantity of water which plants give off in their growth, comparatively little water passes into the sub-soil, and beyond the reach of the plant in summer and autumn. The wheat crop avails itself of any nitrogen, or nitric acid, which it finds in the soil, but its active period of growth ceases early in the summer. Sometimes in June, or generally in July, the changing color of the crop shows that the collection of food from the soil has ceased. The root crop may be said to commence its active life in July. All the soluble nitric acid which the wheat crop could obtain can be taken by this crop; and it can collect, in addition, all that is formed during the summer and autumn months. By arresting the nitrogen, which would otherwise have been washed away by winter rains, the root crop obtains a supply of soluble nitrogen which was not available for the wheat crops, and to this extent it is less dependent on a direct supply of nitrogenous manure than the wheat crop. It has often been said that broad leaves, such as the root crops possess, obtain the nitrogen from the atmosphere, but I have no reason to think that such is the case. If, however, a root crop arrest nitric acid which would otherwise be washed out of the soil by the winter rain, it may be said to add fertility to the soil, as if it had absorbed it from the atmosphere.

Dr. Franklin found no nitric acid in the drainage water taken in the month of June from our permanent wheat field on the flat where no manure containing nitrogen had been applied since 1840; the water taken from the same flat at the end of October, however, contained considerable quantities. As the soil of our permanent root crop land is more exhausted of its nitrogen than that of the field where permanent wheat crops are grown, it is, I think, tolerably certain that it is the soil and not the atmosphere which furnishes root crops with their nitrogen.

Swampy Lands.—This is the month for draining swampy grounds—the water is warm and as low as it is likely to be at any season of the year. The low wet grounds upon a farm will generally make excellent meadow land—the best pasturage. No farmer can afford to have waste land on his farm these times.

Productive Farming.—The farmers in France know how to raise big crops. A farmer at Lens reports to some American visitors that last year his wheat crop was 46 bushels to the acre, barley 66 bushels, oats 82 bushels, and sugar beets 24 tons.

Lightning Rods.—It is a common error to adopt glass insulators similar to those used for telegraph wires. These glass rings do not separate the rod from its support to a distance of an inch, over which a moderate spark from the electric machine will readily pass. Besides, as soon as the glass is wet, as it must be in every thunder storm, its surface at once becomes a good conductor.

Rye in Young Orchards.—Don't grow rye in young orchards. Two consecutive crops of rye will kill an orchard as effectually as the borer can do the work.

Attack the Weeds.—August is the very best month in which to kill weeds. Unfortunately most farmers are then very busy prepairing for seed time, and consequently it is the season weeds thrive most. A farmer had better hire extra help for a few days than neglect attending to the weeds.

A Sure Remedy.—Farmers who have been annoyed by sheep-killing dogs will find a good remedy by placing pieces of fresh meat, well sprinkled with strychnine about the sheep pasture. The sheep will not touch the meat, but the dogs will—and they never come after the sheep a second time.

Barbed Wire Fences are considered by many farmers a dangerous nuisance and should be looked after by the cruelty to animals society. All kinds of cattle are liable to injury from this fence, and sheep particularly tear out their wool and badly score their skin with the barbs.

Charcoal for Hogs.—Give your hogs regularly some charcoal; there is no substance that will correct acidity or foulness of the stomach so well, and you will find that hogs will eat it with avidity. Hogs are often troubled with worms, and to prevent this, furnish them wood ashes and an occasional feed of soft soap.

PARIS.

Our Sister Republic and its Administration—Tunis to Become French Territory—The Great Success of the Waltham Watch Exhibit—Lace Making—Disappointed Love the Cause of its Discovery and Introduction, etc., etc.

From our regular Correspondent.

Hotel du Louvre, Paris,
August 23, 1878.

The Republican feeling is very strong in France, and is daily attracting to it the most timid conservative interests. The mamelukes of the three pretenders count no more only as political fossils, or as harmless eccentrics. Unhappily the cabinet is afraid to follow public opinion; it is totally deficient in pluck and decision; it has no clear idea of government, no healthy standard for administration. It refuses to give post and place to Republicans, and nominates the enemies of the constitution to office, hoping that the leopards may change their spots and the lion lie down with the lamb—quite possible, when the latter is within the other's stomach. The ministers of justice and war are sinners beyond redemption in this respect. M. Marcire is the model of the contrary. Matters cannot continue in this lamentable contradiction without an explosion; a time fuse has been fixed, calculated to blow up the ministry after the Senatorial elections. Don't believe a word of the nonsense about MacMahon's resignation; the old soldier will mount the guard to the end of his term, though well knowing his departure will never be a calamity.

The Berlin Congress is now next to ancient history. The French are reconciled to the Anglo Turkish treaty, the more so, as it is now accepted as a settled matter that France, not Italy, shall have Tunis as an equivalent for Cyprus. The Italians, by the agitation of their extreme patriots, have forfeited much political consideration, and have drawn a profit and loss attention to what they have acquired by good luck more than by arms and diplomacy. Public opinion here recommends Italy to remember that covetousness bursts the bag, and that as the Tuetons mean to keep Trieste, the gauls are of the same way of thinking respecting Nice—despite all the Vaterland theories of the world.

Many exhibitors complain, they take no orders; perhaps the state lottery will purchase some of their goods. They are exceptions; it is customary to present a judge with a pair of white gloves, when at an Assizes he "has got no work to do." There is one firm in the American section, the Waltham Watch making Company, that displays at each corner of its large drawing room case, oriflammes with the inscription in gold letters, "Contents sold to agents from Bradford, Burmingham, Amsterdam, etc., for the account of the house in Sidney, N. S. Wales, of S. Hoffnung & Co." The value of the sale is quarter of a million of francs.

The manager in charge deserves a pair of white gloves from his co-exhibitors. But he has got work to do—he is organizing another case for the forthcoming Sydney Show, and founding an agency here. Traders in general, and watchmakers in particular, ought to study how this firm does business, and which is often quoted in the French press in the discussions on free trade. It makes all the parts of the watch by machinery, not by hand, turning out uniform work for uniform prices—not a cheap article at a cheap rate, but a good one at its cost price, and holding themselves responsible for defects. This company has drawn Swiss watches out of the American markets; it competes with English makers, and is now about entering the list with the Swiss firms that monopolize the watch trade in France.

The most recent improvement in the production of lace is the introduction of shaded tints in the flowers and patterns, giving the relief of a picture. This effect is produced by varying the application of the two stitches used in making the flowers—the "toile" which forms the close tissue, and the "grille," employed in the more open part of the pattern. The system is successfully applied to the laces of France that it has been adopted with the greatest success.

There is a legend regarding the introduction of this manufacture into Flanders. A poverty-stricken but pious young girl was dying of love for a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping at her sat fate, a beautiful lady entered the cottage, and without saying a word placed on her knee a green cloth cushion, with the bobbins filled with the fine thread which on autumn evenings float in the air, and which the people call *"fils de la Vierge."* The lady, though of romantic bearing, was a practical manufacturer. She sat down in silence, and with her nimble fingers taught the unhappy maiden how to make all sorts of patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned her art, and the mysterious sister disappeared. The price of lace soon made the poor girl rich. She married the man of her choice, and, surrounded by a large family, she lived happy and rich, for she had kept the secret for herself. One evening, when the little folks were playing around her knee, by the fireside, and her husband sat fondly watching the happy group, the lady suddenly made her appearance among them. Her bearing was distant; she seemed stern and sad, and this time addressed her protege in a trembling voice. "Here," she said, "you enjoy peace and abundance, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day the woman arose, and going forth with a green cushion and its bobbins in her hands, went from cottage to cottage offering to all who would be taught to instruct them in the art she had herself miraculously learned. So they also became rich, and Belgium became famous for this manufacture.

A biblical curiosity in the English section, which attracts crowds, is the model of the tabernacle as it existed during the wandering of the Israelites in the Desert. The exterior and interior of the tabernacle are faithfully constructed according to the details given in the Old Testament. Compliments are very justly made at the slowness connected with the opening of the Historical Portrait Gallery; it would be better to return the pictures to their owners rather than preserve them like old lumber or as the official portraits of Louis Phillippi, Louis Napoleon and other Louises, stored away in the attics of the mayoralties, along with streamers for royal anniversaries. The latter have been turned to a republican account by ripping out the devices on the stuff. This idea of artistic economy is of Latin origin, for the Romans, when a new Emperor ascended the throne, screwed off the head of his predecessor from the statues and then placed his likeness thereon.

The appearance of foreign military uniforms is a peculiar feature of the present Exhibition. Foreign uniforms have appeared at former Exhibitions, but generally worn by visitors. On the present occasion foreign soldiers do duty in many of the sections, and they may often be seen marching in and out of the building under the command of a corporal or sergeant. The first on the ground were, I believe, English sappers; now there are Spanish infantrymen in long iron grey capots, with green worsted epaulettes and red trousers like the French. Swiss attendants, wearing dark tunics with white facing, and having the Swiss cross on their kepis; Dutch marines, in black tunics trimmed with red, with the arms and name of their country embroidered in gold on their collars; United States infantrymen, in simple uniforms, short blue tunics, iron grey trousers, and Norwayian sailors, with linen jackets and broad shirt collar, turned over. There are, I think, Italians and some others, probably, in addition.

Louis.

A Romantic Piece of Business.

The Holidaysburg *Standard* relates the following in its issue of last week: On Monday of last week, just previous to going to press, there came to our ears strange rumors in reference to a romance which had been enacted in the neighborhood of Duncanville, but as the tale was of a most startling character, and as we had no desire to publish the same without verification, nothing was said beyond a brief reference to a scene on the Duncanville road.

The facts as given to us are about as follows: Quite recently a young man named Charles Davis, residing not far from this place, visited his brother, Abel Davis, residing in Newport, Kentucky. While there he fell in love with his brother's wife, and the lady returned the same with interest. The husband discovered this and shipped his brother home; but the wife followed, and, on the day after the young man's return, landed in this borough and put up for a little while at the American House, afterwards being driven to the house of young Davis. This was on Friday, and on the following Sunday Mr. Abel Davis made his appearance in town, in search of his woman. He engaged a team and started for the home of his brother. On the way he met the young man, who, in company with some ladies, was walking toward Holidaysburg. Pulling a revolver, he persuaded the young man to enter the carriage. The driver said that he felt uncomfortable, and thought his chance for being a witness in a murder trial was first class. The man from Kentucky swore that unless his brother married the woman he would kill him. If he married her, it would be all satisfactory. The argument seems to have powerfully impressed the young man, for on the following morning the parties appeared before Justice Gibbony, of Duncanville, and Charles Davis and the woman were duly married. It is alleged that Abel Davis, who called himself Ered Tinker, and said the woman was his sister, paid the bridegroom five hundred dollars after the ceremony had been completed. On the following morning Mr. Davis' bride left him, and in company with her "brother" left for her western home.

The above are the apparent facts. We are satisfied that there is an inner mystery which has not been solved by the general public, and that Mr. "Tinker" had some motive stronger than jealousy for forcing this marriage. The idea that a man would force his brother to marry his own wife is simply preposterous.

A Snake's Wonderful Feat.

Speaking of snakes, Superintendent Brown, of the Zoological Garden, said that he could tell a snake story, and not a second handed one either. About a year ago one of the large reptiles in the collection took sick and seemed to be going into a decline. Nothing that they could give him appeared to do him any good, and from loss of appetite and sleeplessness the snake became a mere wreck of his former self. A large blanket had been placed in the serpent's cell for him to sleep upon. One morning the keeper found that the blanket had disappeared. Search was made throughout the cage, but without success. At the same time the snake's body had swelled to the thickness of a good sized sapling. He had swallowed the blanket. But the blanket wouldn't digest, and the snake became sicker than before. In this manner he lolled around like a wan dyspeptic for over four weeks. Finally the blanket was discharged by natural causes. Immediately the snake began to improve. The swelling in his body gradually dwindled down, and he grew larger and fatter than before, till the box became too small to hold him. The keepers then removed him to a larger cage. He ate like a gormand, and at times found room for two and three times the customary quantity of food. The blanket acted as a sort of medicine upon his stomach, and cleaned him out entirely. Now he is fifteen feet long, eighteen inches in circumference and is the healthiest boa constrictor of the lot. A change of color was the only visible effect on the blanket. Under the microscope it showed that it had become a little worn by being rubbed in the animal's stomach. It came out undigested, and it was carefully packed away in the superintendent's private office, where it now lies.

Summer Food for Hogs.—The hog is a grass-eating animal, and if penned up should be supplied with grass and weeds. Many of the ills that swine-flesh is heir to is caused by neglecting to feed fibrous food, and an exclusive grain diet is not wholesome.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The September Scribner.

Scribner for September opens with an engraving by Cole of Mr. W. M. Chase's painting, "Ready for the Ride," recently exhibited in New York, and now owned by the Union League Club of that city. A rondel, suggested by the painting, is contributed by Mr. H. C. Bunner, editor of "Puck." The leading illustrated paper is entitled "Hunting the Mule-Deer in Colorado," and Mr. J. Harrison Mills appears in the treble capacity of writer, wood-draughtsman and engraver. There are also drawings by George Inness, Jr., W. M. Cary, and Frederick Dielman. A little head of a fawn, drawn and engraved by the author, is especially noteworthy. Mr. Mills is a hunter of experience, and the paper is one of a "practical" interest.

Dr. William J. Morton follows up his paper in the August number, entitled "To South Africa for Diamonds!" with a second and concluding installment of personal experience at "the diggings," chiefly about the Cape diamond, diamond buying and stealing, incidents and life in Kimberley, the morning market, etc. Among the illustrations are views of the Dudley and Stewart diamonds in their settings. Dr. Morton is a son of the late William T. G. Morton, well known in connection with the discovery of the anæsthetic uses of ether. Maurice Thompson, of archery fame, has a paper, narative and philosophical, with the title "Glimpses of Western Farm Life," and introducing a novel first experiment in illustration, *viz:* an engraving of a sketch in clay for a medallion of American farm life, modeled for the article by Mr. C. L. Warner, the sculptor. Other examples of this class of work are in hand for future numbers. Following appropriately is a discussion by Stephen D. Dillaye of "The Transportation Question," in advocacy of a narrow-gauge "pure freight" highway, organized and controlled by the government. The alleged saving in construction, equipment, wear and tear, the increased power to carry freight, etc., etc., are discussed in detail with reference to river, canal, and lake transportation. "The World's Work" is occupied with descriptions of new inventions which are prominent at the Paris Exposition, which the editor of this department (Mr. Charles Barnard) made a voyage to inspect in the interest of the magazine. "Bric-a-Brac" has the usual quantity of fun, satire and sentiment, in picture and verse, and many other matters of great interest which we have not space to enumerate. Address Scribner & Co., 743 & 745 Broadway, N. Y.

St. Nicholas for September.

The current number of St. Nicholas is pervaded with the spirit of the season, and the delights and doings of September days well represented in its pages. Near the beginning is an interesting short article on "Mackerel-fishing," with a fine picture showing a fleet of mackerel-boats; "My St. George," is a strong, exciting story of the sea, admirably illustrated by Alfred Kappes; and we catch a pleasant glimpse of the beach in Walter Satterlee's picture "By the Sad Sea Wave." There is, also, a good story by Emily H. Leland, entitled, "How Lily-toes was Caught in a Shower," with a capital picture by Jessie Curtis; and a series of very funny cuts, called "How He Caught Him," representing a queer fisherman's difficulties with his "catch." Other good out-door pictures are scattered through the number, and the installment of Miss Alcott's serial, "Under the Lilacs," contains a large and beautiful brook-scene by Thomas Moran.

Several well-known writers aid in furnishing the other contents. The number opens with an exquisite little poem by Celia Thaxter, entitled "Fern Seed;" Susan Coolidge has an excellent story, "The Fox and the Turkeys," illustrated with a picture from Gustave Dore; Thomas Dunn English contributes a long fairy tale, with two striking pictures by E. B. Bensell; and C. P. Cranch, Samuel W. Duffield, and Mary E. Bradley, have each a fine illustrated poem. Still another feature is a paper by Professor W. K. Brooks, entitled, "How Birds Fly." The article explains simply and clearly the principle and process of flight, the adaptation of the bird's wing, etc., and with its illustrations forms a novel and instructive paper for the boys and girls.

Many good items of information and amusement are crowded into the department at the close, and in the Letter Box there is a capital short article which calls the children's attention to Mr. Bryant's poetry, and points out in the collection a large number of beautiful poems which the majority of young folks are fully able to understand and enjoy.

New Advertisements.

VEGETINE.
I will try Vegetine.
He did,
AND WAS CURED.

Delaware, O., Feb. 16, 1877.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—

Dear Sir:—I wish to give you this testimony, that you may know, and let others know what Vegetine has done for me. About two years ago a small sore came on my leg; it soon became a large ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief; growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night; I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover; I consulted a doctor at Columbus. I followed his advice; it did no good. I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; I saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing Humors, Ulcers, &c. I said to my family I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could now sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine and doctors before I bought the Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine.

Very Respectfully yours,
F. ANTHONI.

Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware, O. He settled here in 1834. He is a wealthy gentlemon, of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons. Mr. Anthoni is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all.

Impure Blood.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt-rheum, ring-worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the Vegetine and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

VEGETINE
CURED HER.

Dorchester, Mass., June 11.

Dr. Stevens:—

Dear Sir:—I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of one of the greatest wonders of the world; it is your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and your Vegetine for the relief I have got. The Rheumatism has pained me to such an extent that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your blood purifier, Vegetine.

MARGERY WELLS.

Vegetine.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkadle cures.

VEGETINE.
Is better than any
MEDICINE.

Henderson, Ky., Dec., 1877.

I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken.

THOS. LYNE,
Henderson, Ky.

Vegetine is composed of roots, barks and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE
Recommended by
M. D.'s

H. R. Stevens:—

Dear Sir:—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.

A. B. DeFIest, M. D.,
Hazleton, Ind.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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Miscellaneous.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Spring Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

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MADE TO ORDER AT

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Fashionable Barber,

In basement of the Conrad House, Bellefonte, Pa. The best of razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a shave without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, hair oil, hair restoratives, etc., constantly on hand. *Warm and Cold Baths.* 5 4 tf

WM. MILLS,
Fashionable Barber and Hair-Dresser.

Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen. Felty's new building, High street, Bellefonte, Pa. 5 29 1y.

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successr to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, &C.

Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS.

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SEASON of 1878!

Fine Clothing

MADE TO YOUR OWN ORDER

CHEAPER THAN

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THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT OF

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BUY GOOD WARM CLOTHING AT LOW PRICES FROM

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that used to $10.00.

A neat, nice styled good Suit, at $6.00
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All wool CASSIMER SUITS for the price of making.

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Neat Style Spring OVERCOATS.

PRICES BELOW THOSE OF ALL OTHERS.

Practice economy, by saving money, by buying your Clothing of

S. & A. LOEB'S,

ALLEGHENY STREET,

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Medical.

PROF. HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR SPERMATTORHŒA.

—THE—

"SEMINAL PASTILLE"

SHAPE & SIZE OF A SEMINAL PASTILLE.

A Valuable Scientific Dishovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New, and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Emissions & Impotency by the only true way, viz: Direct Application to the principal Seat of the Disease, exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Ejaculatory Ducts, Prostate Gland and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, it is quickly dissolved, and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the sexual and nervous organizations wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Pain in the Back, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, where it has been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success, Drugs are too much prescribed in these troubles, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little if any permanent good. It is the result of long study and patient research and during the eight years that this Remedy has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees.—The Remedy is put up in a neat box, enough to last a month, and sent in a plain wrapper by mail sealed for $3. Two boxes, (sufficient to effect a permanent cure unless in severe cases) $5.—A trial box for $1. Full DIRECTIONS will accompany EACH BOX.

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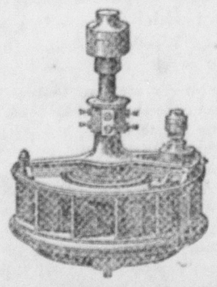

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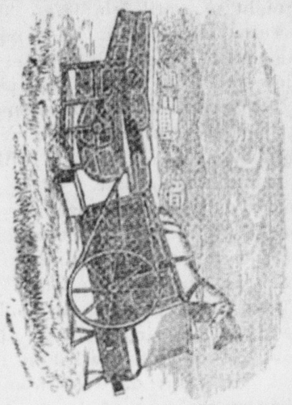

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Also one and two-horse tread powers and threshers, will do well to call on or address the manufacturer.

These separators can be attached to four-horse powers. All machines warranted.

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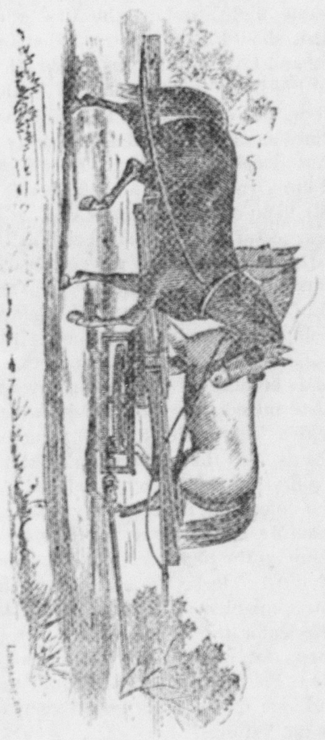

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ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. GO TRY THE BUSH HOUSE.

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IT REMOVES DANDRUFF, strengthens the roots of the Hair, and preserves its youthful color. As a DISINFECTANT of Clothing and Linen used in the sick room, and as a PROTECTION against CONTAGIOUS DISEASES it is unequaled.

Physicians emphatically endorse it.

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"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," Black or Brown, 50c.

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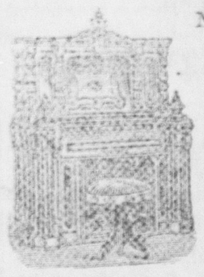
WAR! WAR! WAR!



NEW 13 STOP PARLOR ORGANS, PRICE, $340; FOR ONLY $110 CASH.—NEW 9 STOP ORGANS FOR

$70. PRICE, $270.

NEW SEWING MACHINES

COMPLETE FOR $25.00.

Come and see for yourselves, at

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Music Store,

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE.

27-4f

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for the cure of *Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Sick Headache,* and *all* derangements of the Liver. Read: "Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work."—Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have saved hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills."—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a Box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ECLECTIC INSTITUTE,

JERSEY SHORE, PA.

School year, 29 weeks. Fall term (15 weeks) begins MONDAY, SEPT. 23. Fits students for admission to college. Training School for teachers. Tuition, $1.00 per week. Board, $3.00 per week—50 cents extra while fires are used. Music, 50 cents per lesson, by an experienced teacher.

H. D. PATTON, Principal.

no 32-4t

TEMPERANCE ORCHESTRA.

THE above organization can be engaged to play for churches, Sunday schools, social entertainments, temperance organizations, festivals, &c., at very reasonable rates, by applying by letter or in person to the leader.

E. A SMITH, Leader.

No 7, Humes' Block. 7-4f

Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING
AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

Local Department.

—This is Hay Fever season.

—It will pay you to examine Newman's one dollar shirts. 34-tf

—Druggist MacMinn, of Green's establishment, has returned from Chicago.

—Mr. Meek, of the *Watchman*, with his family, is sojourning at Wayne Camp Meeting.

—Political wire-pullers are exerting their utmost strength to win—each man for himself.

—The Catholic church pic-nic last Wednesday afternoon passed off pleasantly.

—Photographer Glenn has put up a fence against which nobody cares about taking a lean.

—A large number of foreigners are being naturalized at the present term of court.

—Philipsburg boasts of a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, recently organized.

—Several loaves of fine bread were "feloniously extracted" from a Bishop street domicile one evening last week.

—Dr. Alexander, the champion sulky smasher of the other side, wrecked his last vehicle recently.

—The faculty and students of State College returned during the latter part of last week, and the school has opened with bright prospects.

—A match game of base ball was recently played between the Millheim and Aaronsburg clubs, resulting in favor of the former by a score of 42 to 17.

—The Republicans of Lock Haven have organized a Hoyt club. It is time that a movement for the same purpose is made in Bellefonte. Who will call a meeting?

—The Clinton and Lycoming Fair will be held at Jersey Shore this fall, and it promises to be a good one. They have one of the prettiest grounds in the State.

—Two hundred and seventy dollars instead of twenty-seven was the amount raised to entertain the Reserves, and should have been so stated in last week's issue.

—Mr. J. L. Branson, manager of the Knitting Machine works, was in Chicago last week. He was summoned there on account of the serious sickness of a sister, who is now convalescent.

—Rev. S. M. Roeder was ordained and installed as pastor of the Reformed church at Centre Hall last Sunday by a committee consisting of Revs. J. G. Shoemaker, W. H. Groh and W. M. Landis.

—Jacob Decker, Esq., died at his home in College township, on Monday of last week, of cancer of the throat. He had passed considerably beyond the time allotted to man, having reached his 86th year.

—Newman, the king clothier, has opened a merchant tailoring establishment at his clothing store. He employs the best tailors, keeps a large stock of cassimers and cloths, and challenges the country to sell lower than he does. Be sure and call.

—Friend Morlock, of the Lock Haven *Republican*, has been placed on the Republican ticket for Auditor in Clinton county. We hope Mr. M's past energy will be rewarded this fall by a handsome majority. He will make as good an officer as can be elected.

—Mr. George Marts, a resident of Lemont, met with a painful accident on Tuesday, the 20th. In jumping off a wagon-load of hay, he fell and broke an arm between the elbow and wrist. The fracture was of a serious nature, as the bone protruded through the flesh.

—The Millheim *Journal* says the Bush House under the administration of Mr. Hoppes, the new proprietor, is getting along finely. Mr. H. is a gentleman and has an extensive experience in the hotel business, while Maj. D. J. Benner, the efficient clerk, knows just how to treat people to make them feel at home. We know whereof we assert, for we have been there.

Grand Jury's Report.

The Grand Jury for the present term of court has finished its labors. From their report we gather the following points:

The Jury reports favorable towards the erection of a suitable fence around the public grounds lying between the Court House and jail. Immediate action is recommended, so that the grounds may be improved and planted with suitable trees sometime during the approaching fall.

An inspection of the public grounds and buildings was made. In the Court House dome several defects were noticed, which they think should be remedied. A qualified mechanic, in their opinion, should make an examination of the structure.

At the jail a number of improvements and repairs were found wanting. The furnace under the cells is in a bad condition, and should be remedied by entire reconstruction, while the other heater needs looking after. The cells on the first floor, south side, are not fit for occupancy, owing to an imperfection in the supply of water and a very defective cess-pool. Several of the floors have given away, which adds to their unfitness for use. The attention of the Commissioners should be called, they think, to these matters, and action taken immediately. The report relieves Sheriff Munson of all censure, as these defects have been caused by wear and tear and poor construction.

Gone to Her Rest.

We were pained to hear last week of the death of Miss Kate Shafer, one of Lock Haven's fairest daughters. We were not aware of her sickness, and the intelligence of her death was unusually painful. The associations of the writer with her, though not the most intimate, allowed an opportunity of becoming sufficiently well acquainted to find in deceased's life one of exquisite beauty, adorned with the noblest and most resplendent of gems—a good character. The circle of society in which she moved has lost another precious jewel, for in every respect did she fulfill her part. Her kind, generous and forgiving spirit will long be remembered by immediate associates, who will take leave of her with profound sorrow. In the home circle her loving disposition as sister and daughter, and her lady-like attention to household affairs, will remain fresh as the morning rose bud in the hearts and memories of her family. Though taken from them in her youth and beauty, they can exclaim with confidence,

"There is no death; what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the elysian,
Whose portals we call death."

—The Union Sabbath School at Spring Mills will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary on Thursday, September 5th. The school was founded in 1828, and an interesting feature of the exercises will be the reading of a complete history of the organization from its commencement down to the present time. This task has been assigned to Rev. James Wilson and Mr. S. A. Woods, who will no doubt produce a complete sketch. Ex-Governor Bigler, of Clearfield, and Gen. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, are announced as the principal speakers, and this fact alone should warrant a good attendance. Farmers' Mills brass band and the Spring Mills string band have been engaged to furnish music. In fact, the entire programme is one of rare merit and excellence, and should receive the encouragement and support of the people.

—Joe Feehrer, of Selinsgrove, one of the finest cornet blowers in the State was recently awarded a prize of $25 for the best piece of band music at a late contest. Prof. Squire, of Cincinnati, O., is the gentleman who conducted the competive trial of selections composed by various authors, and Mr. Feeherer took the rag off the bush. Joe is well known through Centre county, having taught a number of brass bands in this section.

—The fifth annual pic-nic of the Patrons of Husbandry of Centre county will be held at State College, on Thursday, September 19th. Col. Piolette, Master of the State Grange, is expected to be present, and an invitation will be given to Governor Hartranft. At that time a committee from the State Grange will visit the College, and make a tour of inspection.

—Isaac Packer, Esq., of Woodward township, Clinton county, spent last Saturday in Bellefonte. Politically, Mr. Packer is a Democrat, but he thinks their candidate for Treasurer, Mr. Strayer, will be defeated. Peter Smith, for Sheriff, will be elected, he says, but it is natural to think so of a relative, though he be a distant one.

—Millard Whittaker, a former Huntingdon typo, has returned from Kansas, whither he went to make a livelihood, being convinced that "down east" is the better place.

Court Proceedings.

This session of court has attracted many people to town, in consequence of which matters have had a lively appearance. Judge Orvis has been pushing business along as fast as possible. Up to yesterday noon the following cases had been tried besides those mentioned in last week's issue:

His Honor, Judge Mayer, came from Lock Haven Monday afternoon. On Tuesday a double court was set in motion which will aid very much in the rapid despatch of business.

F. D. McCollum, selling liquor to minors; not guilty; Lucy Wallace, prosecutrix, to pay costs.

Mary Reed, assault and battery; defendant plead guilty; fine of $5 and costs.

John Confer, assault and battery; defendant plead guilty; fine of $10 and costs.

Irvin M. Lucas, fornication; guilty; fined $25 and costs.

Chas. Weaver, assault and battery; guilty; fined $5 and costs.

Catherine Smith was not tried, but plead guilty to selling liquor without license; sentenced to pay a fine of $200 and costs of prosecution.

Dr. Rothrock's case has been continued to next term.

David Krape, malicious mischief; not guilty; county to pay costs.

Wm. Irvin, malicious mischief and cruelty to animals; guilty; fined $5 and ordered to pay costs.

Louis Houseal, W. R. Teller and John Musser, violation of liquor law; after jury was sworn, on motion of defendants a juror was withdrawn and cause continued.

Frank Royer and John Kreamer, larceny; not guilty; county to pay costs.

R. D. Cummings, fornication, bastardy and adultery; not guilty; prosecutrix to pay costs.

Sarah D. Spencer vs. J. C. Calhoun; sci. fa. to revive judgment; verdict for defendant.

A Printers' Reunion.

Every trade and profession of prominence in the land has had its pic-nic, and now the printers are to have one. A preliminary meeting was held at the Tyrone *Herald* office last Saturday, at which arrangements were made. The Altoona *Tribune* published full proceedings, from which we take the following:

"Mr. Barclay, of the Altoona *Sun*, called the meeting to order and moved that Mr. Conrad, of the McVeytown *Journal*, be made president. This was agreed to, and Mr. Crawford, of the Huntingdon *Monitor*, was called to the secretary's desk.

"Mr. Dern, of the Altoona *Tribune*, presented a letter from Joseph Ramsey, superintendent of the Bells' Gap railroad, extending the courtesy of the road to the printers, if they decide to pic-nic at Lloydsville.

"Some discussion took place as to whether an excursion should take place or a pic-nic be given, and finally, on motion of Mr. Fry, of the Newport *News*, it was decided to hold a pic-nic at Lloydsville.

"Mr. Dern moved that the reunion take place on Saturday, September 7, and it was agreed to.

"The secretary suggested that, as this question had been decided, Mr. Ramsey's letter be attended to, and on motion of Mr. Slep, of the *Mirror*, the courtesy was accepted.

"Mr. Crawford moved that committees on music, transportation and arrangements be appointed, but Mr. Dern amended by moving that a committee of five to make all arrangements be appointed. It was done, and Mr. Barclay was made chairman. The committee is as follows: Mr. Dern, Altoona *Tribune;* Mr. Jones, Tyrone *Herald;* Mr. Fry, Newport *News;* Mr. Willoughby, Huntingdon *News;* Mr. Barclay, chairman, Altoona *Sun*.

"Mr. Slep then moved that an invitation be extended to the officials of the Pennsylvania railroad, which was agreed to, and the meeting adjourned.

"The pic-nic is intended to include the fraternity of Cambria, Blair, Somerset, Huntingdon, Bedford, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry, Clearfield, Centre and Fulton, and as many others as may please to join."

—Last Monday Rev. S. L. Stiver, of near Potters Mills, left for St. Louis, where he has accepted a call from a Presbyterian church. The *Reporter* says "Mr. Stiver is a recent graduate of one of the seminaries of New York city, and a young man of fine intellectual acquirements. We heartily congratulate our young friend upon such a good starting out; we know that he has the ability to sustain himself in it, and bespeak for him a bright future."

—The premium list of the Centre county Agricultural Society is in the hands of the printer, and will be distributed as soon as possible, so that farmers and others may have plenty of time to consider what they will exhibit.

A Big Case that Amounted to Nothing.

The greater part of last week's court was occupied by a case of large proportions, which amounted to nothing, except the saddling of a big bill of costs upon the county. Judge Orvis occupied the bench, and presided with his usual ability and fairness.

The case was that of the Commonwealth vs. David Krape, charged with poisoning a valuable horse belonging to Cyrus B. Stover, of Aaronsburg, on the night of April 7th, 1878. The prosecutor alleged that Mr. Krape, the defendant, entered his (Stover's) stable between the hours of of 12 and 1 o'clock during the night mentioned, took some oats, mixed arsenic with the grain, and administered it to the horse of the prosecutor. While in the act of doing so the prosecutor was aroused, saw a light in the stable, whereupon he proceeded to make an examination, and found the defendant in his stable, having gained admittance in the following manner: By means of a saw-mill crow-bar he removed five strips of wood from a window at the rear of the stable; through this opening he entered, took a blanket, placed it over a slat door facing the house, so as to keep in the light. When every detail was carefully arranged, the defendant mixes the arsenic with the oats and feeds it to the horse. Just at this point Mr. Stover arrives at the stable, pushes aside the blanket over the slat door, and sees the defendant standing in the entry-way with a light in his hand. Instead of entering and immediately ousting the intruder, the prosecutor returns to the house for a light, but upon his return, finds Mr. Krape absent. At the rear of the stable, however, the prosecutor finds defendant's crow-bar and at another place a paper marked "poison." This was the story of the prosecutor and the one upon which he brought action, but nobody corroborated it.

The defendant showed that on that same night, and at the time when this should have occurred (between 12 and 1 o'clock,) he was in bed asleep at his home in lower Penns Valley, four miles distant. This alibi was fully sustained by the testimony of his daughter, William Bunell and John Orndorf. In addition to this, Mr. Krape showed that as soon as he learned of his crow-bar being in the possession of the prosecutor, he immediately demanded it and promptly acknowledged the bar as being his; that he had missed it from his saw-mill, but did not know what had become of it. Testimony was also introduced by the defendant which contradicted the principal points in the prosecutor's story. From the testimony produced by the defendant, it necessarily followed that Mr. Krape could not have been there on the night of April 7 between 12 and 1 o'clock. In addition to the unreasonableness of the story of the prosecutor, the defendant is a man of good standing in his community. He is President of the Millheim bank and one of the representive men of Penns Valley.

The Commonwealth was represented by James A. Beaver, D. F. Fortney, Adam Hoy, C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower and J. W. Gephart, while the defendant's case was conducted by A. O. Furst, J. L. Spangler, J. F. Potter and W. C. Heinle. The arguments lasted about four hours, and were made by Messrs. Beaver, Hoy, Furst and Spangler. The speeches were exhaustive and to the point on each side, and have been commended very highly by those who heard them.

The jury retired Saturday morning, and after remaining out about three hours, came in with a verdict of not guilty. The county will pay the costs.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting Next Sunday.

Next Sunday, being the first Sunday in the month, is the regular time for the monthly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. As the weather has again become cool and pleasant, it will be held in the rooms of the association. The meeting on this occasion will be led by our young friend, J. Wesley Gephart, and exercises of more than ordinary interest may be expected. These meetings always prove enjoyable occasions and are usually well attended. The presence of all, young and old, is earnestly desired.

—On Monday afternoon last a gypsie with his horse and wagon passed through town. While in front of the Bush House the traditional Nomad determined to sell out, and offered his horse and wagon for the small sum of $30. S. M. McMurtrie happened along, and took the offer, driving the turn-out to his home.

—Frank Woolley, of State College, called at our holy of holies last Saturday afternoon.

Proceedings in Court on the Death of William P. Wilson, Esq.

Court convened at the usual hour on Monday morning of last week, with Judge Orvis on the bench, and after the transaction of some routine business, ex-Gov. A. G. Curtin rose and addressed the Court as follows:

May it please the Court: Since the last adjournment of the court, a member of this bar has died; a meeting of a committee of that bar has been held, and they have paid a proper tribute to his memory. The committee have honored me with the privilege of presenting their proceedings to the Court. I ask that those proceedings be read.

The report of the committee, which we have previously published, was then read by one of its members, General Beaver.

Immediately after the report was read by Gen. Beaver, Mr. Curtin arose and presented the memorial to the Court in a fitting speech. It was delivered in the gentleman's usual style on such occasions, abounding in beautiful tributes to deceased. His address will be published in full in a future issue.

John G. Love, Esq., then addressed the Court, seconding the motion made by Gov. Curtin that the proceedings of the committee be put upon record, and that the Court do adjourn. His remarks were also appropriate, and calculated to touch the hearts of his auditors, containing an especial reference to the later life of the deceased, during the time when the speaker best knew him, and a portion of which period he was connected with him as his assistant in the conduct of the Republican political campaign in this State. Mr. Love said:

May it please your Honor: In rising to second the motion just made, it is not without a self-consciousness of my inability to do so in the manner that the occasion and subject demand I feel that after what has just been so eloquently and well said by our friend Governor Curtin, that the most befitting tribute I could pay to the memory of our deceased brother would be to remain silent, in meditation of his life and character as we knew it. It is certainly with profound sorrow that we meet on this occasion to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased friend and brother. Within the past six years death, the great leveler of the human race, and an unwelcome visitor at best, has ruthlessly invaded our brotherhood and snatched from among us some three of our most eminent, honorable and beloved members, none of whom occupied a more exalted place in the esteem, minds and hearts, or had a stronger hold upon the affections of the members of this bar, than Hon. William P. Wilson.

It was not my privilege to enjoy as long an acquaintance with our deceased brother as some of the older members of the bar here present have enjoyed; but since my connection with the bar, during the past ten years, I have had to do with him in public life as well as in business, professional and social life. As a lawyer, he was earnest and faithful. As has been truthfully said in the resolutions presented by the committee, "he was a stranger to the tricks of the profession," and would stoop to no mean or dishonorable act to advance his own interests or that of his client.

He entertained the most upright and conscientious views of the fiduciary relationship between client and attorney. He was always courteous and fair to opponent as well as to the Court, and commanded honorable consideration and esteem alike from both. His walk in private life was exemplary and commendable. As a citizen, he was public spirited and identified with public interests and enterprises which did much to enhance the interests of our town. He was generous to all well-merited objects of charity, both public and private. He was keenly sensitive to the feelings, wants and necessities of others; so much so that he rarely, if ever, indulged in uncharitable criticism of others, nor was ever heard to say unkind or ill words of any one, or do aught to wound or injure the feelings of another.

In his business life he was most trustworthy and always honorable and upright, and more than ordinarily successful. In social life he was a welcome guest in every circle, and will be greatly missed.

I had the honor to be associated with him in the last public official position he held, that of chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, during the campaign of 1877. And although he was in enfeebled health and needed rest rather than the excitement and activeness of a campaign, yet he devoted himself to the discharge of his official duties with indefatigable zeal and labor; and although he had greater embarrassments to contend with and greater oppositions to overcome in the campaign of 1877 than any of his predecessors for many years previous, yet his conduct of it was honorable and efficient, and more successful than was anticipated by the most sanguine.

May it please the Court, I have nothing further to say, only that our deceased brother will be greatly missed in this court, and in this community, by us all, and by many to us unknown who were the recipients of his generosity and kindness; and we all can do well to imitate his virtues, and entitle him to a lasting and honorable place in our hearts and memories.

A. O. Furst, Esq., then made a few remarks in his vein of pathetic eloquence for which he is noted on such occasions. We quote but a few sentences:

Were I to consult my own feelings, I would remain silent upon this occasion; yet in view of the strong language of my friend, Gov. Curtin, I feel that it is a duty that every member of this bar owes to Mr. Wilson to rise and express their convictions and feelings on his behalf. Mr. Wilson was a much older member of the bar than myself; he was a member in full practice when I came here to the bar, seventeen years ago. * * I think I become acquainted with him the first day I come to Bellefonte. From that day to this, seventeen years, I never knew Mr. Wilson to act in any other way than as a perfect gentleman. He was always courteous and obliging. * * *

He had the three qualities which make men honorable—the three qualities which a lawyer should possess in the highest degree—truth, honor and integrity. I can think of no instance which come under my observation in which he varied from the strictest truth; it seemed to be his guiding principle.

To Mr. Wilson's social character Mr. Furst paid an especial tribute, speaking of his relations also with the church and with individuals.

The venerable Jas. McManus, Esq., then followed with a feeling tribute, from which we quote briefly:

I have listened to the eloquent and truthful tribute paid by the honorable gentleman who presented the proceedings of this bar to the Court. It is but just for me to say that the inflexible integrity of our departed friend, his industry, ability and honesty as a lawyer secured for him the confidence of his fellow citizens. If we recur to the period of his life when the germs of his character were in the course of development, which fitted him for the vocation to which he was afterward summoned, we shall find the truth of the observation that our destiny in life results essentially from the force of parental nurture and instruction, as it is true that on the judgment, vigilance and enlightened affections of those to whom we are indebted for existence, our subsequent usefulness and distinction must mainly depend. It was the peculiar good fortune of our deceased friend to be blessed with parents whose virtues give by example the highest authority to those precepts which their wisdom afforded for his instruction. To speak of his personal relations, we find that to a tender and scrupulous performance of the duties of a husband, brother, friend and neighbor, he added an unostentatious observance of those obligations which became him as a sincere and fervent Christian, acting

"As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

I knew him from boyhood. He possessed a heart overflowing with kindness, generosity and affection to every human being. * * * *

Bellefonte Academy—Classical and English School.

The young ladies' school will open on Monday, Sept. 2nd. The primary classes will be formed on the same day. The little girls will be seated in the young ladies' room, under the care of Miss F. S. Beane. The little boys will be placed under the charge of Mrs. T. S. Ogden, in the lower room of the north wing of the building.

The young gentlemen's school will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, in the brick building, under the care of the Principal, assisted by Prof. J. E. Gumbrecht.

Special facilities will be furnished to young gentlemen and ladies who wish to perfect themselves in the study of French and German, or in the ancient languages, under the tuition of the professor.

—Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall, does, and always will, take the lead in low prices. He is selling anything and everything in the clothing line far below other stores; and what is more encouraging to purchasers is that he makes no misrepresentations. He does whatever he tells you, and will not sell you shoddy goods for good. You will save money by patronizing Newman.

—Go to Graham & Son, Bishop St., and buy your boots, shoes and leather at panic prices. Sole leather sold at 21 cts.; fine-finished city calf skins, 75 cts.; fine calf boots down to $2.50; coarse boots, $2.50; ladies' all calf shoes, $1.25; ladies' gaiters, 90 cts.

DIED.

TAYLOR.—On Wallace Run, Boggs township, on the 9th inst., Mrs. Sarah Taylor, wife of George Taylor, Esq., aged 50 years, 4 months and 5 days.

Unassuming in her manners, scrupulously conscious, and deeply pious, she knew how to do large work for others without provoking jealousy or criticism. In the large circle of friends which she leaves, her name was as ointment poured forth. She was a practical friend to the poor. Her presence was a light in the sick chamber. The sick and the dying knew no want that she was not willing, if possible, to relieve. Her life so long, so uniformly given to good; so peacefully closed, leaves a benediction for years to come in the midst of the people who knew her. S.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL, which is answered in three words—take Hop Bitters! See other column. 33-1t

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMMISSIONER.

We are requested to announce as a candidate for Commissioner, D. G. Ganoe, of Worth township, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, Andrew Gregg, of Potter township, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of S. H. Stover, of Boalsburg, Harris township, as a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, Aug. 28, 1878.

Business men generally are looking after their own affairs more closely, as the panic seems to die from the effects of small profits, and greater economy is now being adjudicated by all thoughtful people, great and small, rich and poor, *et cetera*.

FLOUR.—The market for Bellefonte flour does not seem to enlarge to correspond with our mill facilities to make it, or to warrant the millers in buying wheat for more than current consumption.

WHEAT.—Owing to a slight advance in freights on grain, our buyers are somewhat conservative, and the market is quite weak at our quotations. Futures are quoted a shade lower at eastern points, which will depress prices here.

RYE.—No transactions to report.

CORN.—The prospects for the present crop yielding so much below the average, makes a firmer feeling, and those who have corn on hand will, in all probability, receive a fair price for it.

OATS.—No change from last report.

QUOTATIONS.

White wheat per bushel	$ 90
Red wheat	90
Rye per bushel	45
Corn, cob	40
Corn, shelled	40
Oats new	30
Cloverseed	3 00
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00@5 20
Flour, wholesale	4 50@4 75

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$ 8 00
Hay, mixed, per ton	6 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton	6 50
Short straw per ton	5 50@6 50

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	$ 9 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.

Apples, dried, per pound	
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	
Beans per quart	
Fresh butter per pound	20
Chickens per pound	6
Cheese per pound	15
Country hams per pound	12
Hams, sugar cured	15
Bacon	10
Lard per pound	8
Eggs per doz	12½
Potatoes per bushel	60
Dried beef	20
Wilson's pressed beef per pound	25
Canned tomatoes per can	15
Lemons per doz	50
Dried sweet corn per pound	
Small onions per quart	